4 August 1978 30p USA & Canada $ By Air

NEW STATESMAN

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Why we need a planned economy

A watchdog not a poodle

We are all blind horses in this country, and learn what is in the minds of our masters by nods, winks and leaks to the Lobby. It appears from such omens that the Prime Minister is considering putting something in the election manifesto about 'abolishing' the House of Lords. It is not clear whether this means the abolition of the Second Chamber as such, or the abolition of the link between that chamber and the hereditary orders of the peerage. The first would be a mistake. The second is long overdue.

In 1911 the Parliament Act was passed, which promised 'to substitute for the House of Lords as at present constituted a second chamber constituted on a popular instead of a hereditary basis'. It is remarkable that after more than 80 years, the promise has not been carried out. It is outrageous that the case against the Lords still needs to be argued.

Of course the hereditary element must go. It enshrines undeserved privilege at the very apex of our political system. Unlike the monarchy, it cannot be said to command overwhelming support from the people. Unlike the monarchy, it wields real power – and wields it inefficiently.

Try to explain to an intelligent child what the effective membership of the House is, and you will have to say something like this: 'There are about 1,154 members of the House of Lords. About 400 of these, in reality though not in theory, were appointed by successive Prime Ministers. The other 750 are peers by succession. It is generally assumed that the great majority of these are Conservatives. Ten may not attend because they are minors. Eighty choose not to accept writ of summons. And 131 are deemed to be on leave of absence. In practice, the balance of the 750 peers by succession do not normally attend unless they have political ambitions, or they need the attendance money, or they want to pursue some issue of great moment to them, such as hare-coursing or the preservation of the red deer. But of course they can always attend, and vote, if they wish . . . ' Our children would not be left with any sense of our commitment either to rationality or to democracy.

Because the composition of the House of Lords is steeped in privilege and indefensibly irrational in practice, the House is also less effective on our behalf than it could be. It is adequately equipped to help the Government of the day pass a respectable proportion of its legislative programme. It is adequate to the vague task of airing public concern. It has taken over from a relieved House of Commons the important new task of scrutinising European Community legislation and its impact on British law and society. But it remains a poodle, not a watchdog.

Powerful interests are content that this should remain so. The status quo suits the Prime Minister. It suits Whitehall. It very much suits the Tory party. The House of Commons is in no pressing hurry to conjure up a potential rival.

Yet we need a real second chamber, secure in the legitimacy of its popular and democratic base, and also secure in its independence – precisely as a counterweight to the overmighty power of Whitehall, the Commons and the Cabinet. A truly radical reform of the Lords could produce an elected chamber, small in size, with members elected from substantial constituencies, and perhaps for a period longer than the 'life of a Parliament' (which in practice means the life of a House of Commons). Such a Senate could fulfil all the present functions of scrutiny, legislation and debate more effectively and more democratically than the House of Lords at present. It could provide a new forum for high and serious debates of great national issues – Ireland, devolution, health policy, nationalised industries, or foreign policy – which the House of Commons rarely finds time to tackle and more rarely still does justice to. Most important of all, such a Senate, standing side by side with the House of Commons, could help it to carry out the people's will, frustrated as that now is, whichever party is in power, by the nightmare tangles of bureaucratic inertia, self-interest and *raison d'Etat*.

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Notes on Politics and Power

Soares finally comes off the tightrope

Robert McCloughlin writes: A storm in a teacup or the gravest threat to democracy since the revolution? Portugal's President General Eanes has taken the grim view, warning the political parties they had better stop quarrelling long enough to form a new government or disaster could result. The problem is that after the collapse of Mario Soares's second administration last week the country seems set for just the kind of Left-Right confrontation everyone has tried so hard to avoid.

Or nearly everyone. The Social Democrats, the second largest party, are all for it; after moving dramatically to the Right in the last nine months they have seized the leadership of the country's Conservatives. Led by a blus-

tering lawyer from the North they have welcomed the possibility of the country splitting into two radical blocks. Time, they say, to stand up to the Socialists and their increasing state intervention. Soares has done well to hold off the Right for so long. Since he formed his first minority Government exactly two years ago he set out to try to heal the wounds that divided the country so perilously through the 'hot summer' of 1975 and take the sting out of the financial crisis. The Government was slow and fumbling, but the political juggling inspired. But with the Social Democrats edging up dangerously it was more than his Conservative junior partners in the two-party Government formed in January could risk to stay. They left. The Right can claim sole responsibility for shattering the Socialists simply by having found its tongue. Bishops were blaming the government for the huge increase of crime, drug use and prostitution since the revolution. Doctors began a campaign against the Socialists' plan to introduce a British-style health service. But the biggest bone of contention continued to be the Land Reform in the Alentejo. As the Conservatives suspected, the Socialists had indeed stopped their bully-boy methods against the Communist-controlled collective farms begun last summer. Tact, they claimed, was having the same effect in returning lands seized by workers in the revolution to their owners. The Government – and the Conservatives were thus benefited too – was rewarded with industrial peace in the cities, an extraordinary blessing considering the harshness of its austerity policy and the unpleasant business of mortgaging what little wealth the country has left to the IMF.

The worry now is that the leaders of the coalition partners are no longer in control and so unable to renew the agreement. The Conservative chiefs were clearly forced into renouncing it, while Soares was refused permission by his party to compromise his way out of the mess as he could easily have done. However much the party leaders want to provide stable government until the next elections can be held safely in 1980 – and they are sensible people – their parties are in a mood for a damaging fight. It remains to be seen whether General Eanes can frighten them to their senses.

More official secrets

Roger Darlington writes: The published Official Secrets White Paper is substantially the same as the first draft produced just before last Christmas. The title has changed. Originally it was 'Official Information and the Criminal Law', but criticism from the Parliamentary Labour Party's Home Affairs Group that the White Paper would not cover Section 1 of the Act led to the adoption of the much narrower title 'Reform of Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act 1911'.

Most of the other changes were to the section on open government which was redrafted several times. The first draft of this section – which was produced by the Civil Service Department – was a mere three paragraphs and they could not have been shorter or more negative. Contrary to popular impressions, it was Home Office officials who redrafted this section making it a little fuller and more positive. They recognised that the White Paper would have a hostile reception and did not see the need to make the opposition any stronger.

However, it was Cabinet Ministers themselves who knocked out of the section various critical comments about the American Freedom of Information Act (including thé estimate that it is costing $150 million a year) and added sentences stating that the Government has 'an open mind' on the issue of a statutory right of access to official information and that it will initiate 'a more detailed study' of overseas experience in this area.

It was decided to probe behind the contents of the White Paper with a series of detailed Parliamentary Questions and so almost 40 were submitted by members of the Parliamentary Labour Party's Civil Liberties Group. Six on the Aubrey, Berry and Campbell case were disallowed by the Speaker on the grounds that they were *sub judice*. The other 30 or so were answered on Tuesday. Many of the questions were designed to highlight the true nature of the Official Secrets Acts as a whole. So that, for instance, Merlyn Rees was forced to admit that Section 1 of the 1911 Act is not limited to espionage. Another batch of questions was intended to discover something about the nature of the promised study of overseas experience. However, Home Office Minister, Charles Morris, was unable to provide any details of who would conduct the study, which countries would be covered, what form publication would take, and how long the study would last. Until this study has been published, there should be no question of introducing legislation on reform of the Official Secrets Act.

The PCI's next step

Godfrey Hodgson writes: Ever since last March, when the disunited parties of the Left failed by less than a percentage point to win the French parliamentary elections, the great panic about Eurocommunism has largely subsided. There never was any serious prospect of 'the Communist coming to power' in any Western European country. What did become plain, from 1974 on, was that in four important countries of southern and western Europe where for historical reasons social democracy never took root as it has done in Britain, in West Germany and in Scandinavia, a substantial part of the electorate – a third in Italy, a fifth in France, a tenth in Spain – looked to the Communist party to play a crucial part in bringing forward reforms that are desired by many in these countries who remain far outside the Communist parties' own sphere of influence. Nowhere is this more true than in Italy.

This week the Paris correspondent of the conservative *Corriere della Sera*, returning to Italy for the summer holiday, has some sharp things to say about the return of complacency there. In congratulating themselves on the fact the Italian society has 'stood firm' after the murder of Aldo Moro and the fall of President Leone, he says, Italians have managed to avoid thinking about the fact that their fundamental problems – economic, social, institutional – are no nearer than ever to solution. The same conclusion must be drawn from the long report to the Christian Democrats' national council over the weekend by the party's leader, Benigno Zaccagnini. To appease the Christian Democratic Right, which has accused him of accepting Communist support as a permanent necessity, Zaccagnini insisted that the Christian Democrats would govern without Communist votes as soon as the present emergency was over. But then he gave the party leaders a lesson in the realities of the situation. Those realities are that the Christian Democrats cannot govern alone; that the Left cannot govern at all; that the Christian Democrats will not accept Communist participation in government; and that finally they dare not rebuff the Communists altogether. So the only viable solution is the present one. The Christian Democrats must govern with Communist support, or they cannot govern Italy at all, and nor can anyone else.

An interview with Georgio Napolitano, the member of the Communist leadership respon-

NEW STATESMAN

Vol 96 No 2472

Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1978
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd.

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail	UK £14.50, Overseas £16, USA $34, Canada $37.
By air mail	Europe £19.50, Middle East £21, Africa, India, W Indies £22, USA $44, Canada $47 Australia, NZ, Far East £23.

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sible for industrial policy, in the party newspaper, *Unita*, this week, suggests both that the unions may not continue to be patient about making sacrifices, and also that the party may be in no mood to restrain them as it has done for the past year. 'The working class movement,' Napolitano said, 'must throw all its weight, with conviction and coherence, into the battle' (for real change in the balance of social and industrial power). 'The whole question of what sort of autumn we are in for lies there.' In translation, that must mean that the Communist Party knows that it has won precious little in return for its loyal support to the Christian Democrats since last winter. When the industrial workers get back from the Adriatic beaches, the party and the unions will flex their very considerable muscles.

Fairey tale goes wrong

Francis Wheen writes: The recent case of Tress Engineering Ltd provides further proof, if such proof is needed, that the National Enterprise Board is lamentably failing to fulfil its original objectives. Tress was a member of the large Fairey group of engineering companies. In January this year Fairey was taken over by the NEB at a cost of over £20 million and given a new, NEB-appointed chairman. Tress, which was based at Newburn, on Tyneside, had a work-force of 330; it performed respectably enough, recording trading profits of £¼m. in 1975 and £⅜m. in 1976. In February union representatives from Tress met NEB officials, who confirmed their commitment to Tress. In March the unions met Angus Murray, the new Fairey chairman, who, they claim, actually talked in terms of expansion; Murray denies this. On 1 June, in the middle of a wage dispute, Tress workers learned that Fairey, supported by the NEB, had decided to close down the factory.

Tress was mainly involved in producing valves for the petrochemical industry; it was also the sole licensee for the production of Jerguson gauges. Demand for valves had dropped as a result of the oil crisis but appeared to be on the upturn; moreover the North Sea Oil boom offered rich opportunities. So why the decision to close? A statement from Fairey claimed that pre-tax trading losses for the year 1977-8 were running at around £1m. and thus 'the board of Fairey Holdings Ltd has no alternative but to close down Tress.'

The Tress shop stewards have now produced a pamphlet in which they challenge this figure and question the necessity of the closure. They argue with a battery of evidence that the cause of Tress's troubles was lack of investment. The majority of the lathes and milling machines at Tress were over 20 years old. In the late 1960s, when most other valve producing companies were investing in numerically controlled and automatic transfer machines, Tress bought a number of second-hand manually loaded machines. One shop steward tells of how two chucks broke on a six spindle chucking auto; instead of buying two more, so that the machine could run at full capacity (and pay for the cost of replacements in less than a week), the company let it run on for six months. The cost of each unit produced in this way was doubled. Both management and unions at Tress complained about the parent company's tight-fistedness, and hoped that the NEB takeover would lead to the investment so badly needed. It was not to be. And what of the NEB's stated objective of creating jobs in areas of high unemployment? The workers at Tress have swollen still further the Tyneside unemployment figures. By last week only 26 of the 330 redundant Tress workers had found new jobs.

The SNP's windfall

Ron McKay writes: The Scottish National Party is to receive its largest ever cash contribution in the next few weeks in a legacy from the estate of a dead supporter. The exact amount of the gift, which will be used to underwrite the party's General Election campaign, will not be known until the estate is totally wound up but it will be at least £20,000 and could be as much as £50,000.

The legacy has been a closely-guarded secret indeed, the party's national executive were told only that an undisclosed, if substantial, sum had been willed to them. The dead benefactor is a Mr F. Drummond of Glasgow. He has been a life long supporter of Scottish independence. It is believed that the party executive recently decided that the best method of honouring Drummond by concentrating the funds on the constituencies they hold and a handful of others, like Inverness, Lanark and Hamilton, where they lie second.

Bruce Page

Mercenaries of the FO

The affair of the Field-Marshal's bodyguard (NS 28 July) looks even more disturbing in the light of evidence sent to the NEW STATESMAN this week. In last week's issue, we asked how the Foreign Office had come to rely for security training and occasional bodyguarding services on a firm called KMS, which has right wing mercenary connections and an evident ability to pluck its employees straight out of our Army's elite regiment.

It has now been established that one KMS employee – ex-SAS Major Andrew Nightingale – started work for the firm on a contract to serve as Lord Carver's bodyguard in Africa last November – before he had been discharged from the army.

On Monday, the Defence Secretary said, in reply to a question from Robin F. Cook MP, that Nightingale had been on leave after having 'completed his release routine' and that nothing could stop him taking up civilian employment in advance of his release date. The job he took up – as a Field Marshal's armed bodyguard – stretches the definition of civilian somewhat.

We have received an official circular from the director of the Special Air Services (SAS) concerning KMS and seven other companies. It orders that no-one in the SAS's volunteer reserve shall have any connections with the proscribed companies. At the top of the list is KMS; at the bottom is Security Advisory Services, an organisation set up by Mr John Banks to recruit the Angolan mercenaries during 1975 and 1976.

The list is dated as recently as 30 May 1978 and is signed by an SAS Major at the regimental headquarters in Chelsea. It specifically prohibits anyone who is receiving a retainer from the proscribed firms from remaining an SAS volunteer. The general character of the list makes good official sense: the mercenary trade especially prizes anyone who can boast an SAS tag; mercenaries between 'contracts' could no doubt benefit from the latest, specialised, secret SAS training at Her Majesty's expense; and it is a wise move to discourage British-trained soldiers from serving foreign governments and wealthy interests abroad.

The Security Department of the Foreign Office started hiring KMS people in 1975 for security training in a South American embassy. They are presently hiring four people from KMS, and they know the company has worked for foreign governments. They should also have known that the SAS – itself responsible for some aspects of diplomatic security in the UK – had proscribed the very company which the Foreign Office entrusted to supply bodyguards for a mission as important as Lord Carver's.

Apart from KMS and John Banks, the list proscribes Saladin Security Ltd, an overt front organisation for KMS. Unlike KMS it is registered in Britain and not anonymously in Jersey. But key figures in both companies are the same – in particular ex-SAS Major David J. Walker, who announced the formation of Saladin in *The Times* two months ago. Major Walker is, moreover, an officer in the SAS volunteer reserve according to the latest *Army List*.

During the early seventies Walker was attached to various British embassies in South America as a security adviser, while serving as an SAS officer. It was only a few months after he left full-time service in the army that the Foreign Office found it necessary to go to the private KMS firm for advice about security services to embassies in South America. One reason which has been given for the Foreign Office's use of KMS is a lack of suitable army personnel: that's easy to understand when highly trained and suitable personnel are leaving the army to work for KMS.

The blacklist also mentions five other firms. Two, J. Donne Holdings and Thor Security Systems were discovered last year by the *Sunday Times* to be offering for sale overseas 'classified information' as well as the latest SAS skills of 'advanced sabotage' and 'silent killing'. Two defunct electronics companies are mentioned which have no evident mercenary connections. Their only dubious features from the point of view of SAS might be that they made eavesdropping 'bugs' and were run by a former member of the Secret Intelligence Service (M16). The remaining company, Laing Walker STT (which stands for Special Training Team) is another group of ex-SAS officers offering to pass on their skills to suitable buyers.

The blacklist appears to provide a protective cover without any guarantee that official policy will actually follow its guidelines. The Foreign Office Department most closely in touch with the SAS hires men from the company at the top of the blacklist, one of whose key figures is a senior officer apparently violating the order itself. Should embarrassing questions be asked, however, the director of SAS can presumably offer documents such as the blacklist to the Minister for Defence as evidence of good intent.

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The overt persuaders go on the offensive

The war of political advertising has got off to a good start with Reg Underhill, National Organiser at Transport House, accusing the Tories' advertising agency, Saatchi and Saatchi, of deception. He claims that the supposed dole queue depicted in their posters consists entirely of Saatchi and Saatchi employees. Here Winston Fletcher *looks at the background and impact of the two parties' election advertising.*

With characteristic inconsistency the Labour Party is about to embark on its pre-election advertising offensive. The campaign will cost a lot of money (but not nearly enough), and will be produced by some of the country's top professional admen (using their talents in an amateur, not to say shambolic, way). Hardly a strategy for victory.

So far the party has earmarked £190,000 for publicity, of which £100,000 has already been irrevocably committed to a six-week poster campaign from September to mid-October. (If Callaghan delays until 1979, that lot's blown). Transport House is praying the budget will be boosted to £300,000; its expert media advisors Bygrave Bone believe even that sum to be inadequate and have optimistically drawn up a detailed campaign recommendation at the £½m. level. Hope springs eternal.

David Kingsley, mastermind of Labour's ad efforts between 1962 and 1970, is no longer involved and his supremo role has been taken over, to many ad people's astonishment, by Edward Booth-Clibborn. Booth-Clibborn, of the Designers and Art Directors Association, has no particular reputation as an all-round campaign planner and manager.

With just four weeks to go before the first posters are due on the hoardings, Booth-Clibborn's incognito team have yet to get their ads agreed by the Party's Campaign Committee. Their task is not made easy by the size of the committee: twenty-seven, excluding the PM, but including almost everyone else from Messrs Healey, Foot, Allaun and Heffer to Messrs Bish, Pittaway, Robinson and a half-dozen other Transport House alumni. No commercial enterprise would dream of appointing so elephantine a group to approve its campaigns. The Uncle-Tom-Cobley-like nature of the Committee almost guarantees that any horse Booth-Clibborn's men may have designed will emerge looking like a camel.

Nor will Labour's admen, despite the lead given by the Tories, have much to do with the party politicals; these will largely be left to Labour supporters working in television – who may or may not know how to put a persuasive film together.

Meanwhile in the other part of the forest the Conservatives have already begun their most thorough and aggressive drive since Supermac's famous Colman, Prentis & Varley blitzkreig of 1959. Nobody is denying that it will be the most expensive UK political campaign in history. Even the *Daily Telegraph* has started to groan about the amount of money being thrown about – though the exact budget is a secret, and no doubt will anyway depend upon the precise date of the election. We can assume that even if Jim delays until 1979 the Tories will still have plenty of loot in their coffers.

The Conservatives' 1959 exercise cost them an estimated £468,000, and was a direct descendant of Eisenhower's Presidential campaign. (Except for 'You've never had it so good', which was cheerfully filched from the Democrats.) The making of Ike in 1952 was the first ever major democratic election in which commercial style media advertising was used in a significant way. Back in 1948, the chairman of Colgate-Palmolive, E. H. Little, generously offered Thomas D. Dewey a complete, pre-packed campaign created by New York's Ted Bates advertising agency (Bates are the proud inventors of the celebrated Unique Selling Proposition).

Dewey turned the idea down, and lost. The two facts may have been causally connected, or they may not; it was a risk Ike's campaign managers were unwilling to take. They returned to the Bates agency and got Chairman Rosser Reeves to devise the General's TV commercials. Like Dewey, Eisenhower didn't relish becoming a geriatric electronic huckster. He sat between takes shaking his head and said: 'To think that an old soldier should come to this.' Reeves however, like any good adman, was suitably eulogistic about his own work. Supermac's victory in 1959 followed by Kennedy's in 1960, appeared finally to clinch the argument: political advertising paid off.

Thus prior to the 1964 UK elections, first Gaitskell and then Wilson were determined to deploy advertising as effectively as fashionable wisdom insisted that Macmillan and Kennedy had done. Predictably Wilson ran headlong into the difficulties which have endemically dogged all Labour's efforts: too little bread, kneaded by too many cooks. Nevertheless the eventual outcome, Kingsley's zooming 'Let's GO with Labour and we'll get things done', easily trumped the Tory's 'Conservatives give you a better standard of living. Keep it!'

In 1964 Labour spent some £314,000 on its election publicity (compare this year's meagre post-inflation budget); and although the job was botched together then, as now, by professional admen acting as amateurs, the success of 'Let's GO' was further evidence of the vote pulling power of ingenious advertising. Yet since 1964 – with the possible exception of Carter's 1976 homespun commercials – politicians and their admen in both the US and UK have seemed unable to discover successful key themes and slogans with which to sway voters in their millions. Try to remember a poster from any of the last four General Elections; they don't leap powerfully to your mind.

However, Transport House believes that Mrs T. and her cohorts are planning to spend £4m. or more putting all this right. Their 1,600 – site national poster campaign, now breaking, will be followed in September by a press and cinema push. The choice of cinema seems curious, since movie audiences these days preponderently comprise non-voting teenagers. However their prime target appears to be housewives in the CI socio-economic group – the wives of lower paid white-collar workers, who constitute some 10 per cent of the population. To achieve their objectives they have employed Saatchi & Saatchi, unquestionably one of the best and most successful advertising agencies in the country: no nonsense about employing nameless supporters who'll try to put in a few hours overtime after work. The Saatchis, as everyone knows, are integrating the party politicals with their paid-for advertising; no nonsense about different communications specialists beating their own different drums. Mrs Thatcher herself is guiding the campaign autocratically; no nonsense about the ads being seen and approved by a cast of thousands.

Aiming precisely at their CI housewife target, Saatchi & Saatchi have created blatantly feminist ads ('It was a Conservative, Mrs Pankhurst, who first led the fight for votes for women'); and until IPC Magazines refused to accept their money, they planned to spend £600,000 in women's weeklies punching their message persuasively home amidst the romances and recipes. (Reed International shareholders rest assured: your subsidiary IPC's decision was commercial, not political. In 1970 the IPC management rejected *Labour* advertising on the grounds that their readers would be disturbed to find political issues mixed in among their knitting patterns. The *TV Times*, however, does no share this childlike view of its readers, and has just accepted a large slug of Tory danegeld).

Finally we come to the $64,000 – or perhaps £4 million – question: will the Tories' massive fire power buy them victory?

A survey by NOP in 1974 showed that 76 per cent of Conservatives and 72 per cent of Socialists had always voted for their party, and were unlikely to be moved by transient considerations, or even by Saatchi & Saatchi. That still leaves over a quarter of the electorate, including most of the Liberals, up for grabs. And an important but little publicised study of voting behaviour in an election in Illinois in 1972, reported in the Journal of Advertising Research of October 1976, showed that in a contest without television advertising newspaper ads swayed 3 per cent of voters from one party to the other. Reporting this study, researcher Lynda Lee Kaid evinced surprise that so small a percentage of electors were influenced by the press advertisements.

Anyone better versed in the advertising business knows a 3 per cent change in market share to be a significant movement; in a UK general election it's the difference between power and failure.

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Anthony Smith: Why governments must meddle in the media

The provisions of the Government's White Paper on Broadcasting have now emerged from the first onslaught of criticism from public authorities, television companies, leader-writers and retired broadcasting officials. As the wave dies one can see more clearly what it is that the Cabinet Committee and the Home Office have between them achieved. They have taken the 174 recommendations of the Annan Report and unravelled them completely, then knitted the whole thing together, using the same pieces of wool in a different pattern.

Where Annan gave us pluralism, the White Paper substitutes triopoly with a dash of state direction. The White Paper gives us an Open Broadcasting Authority, but one that is pretty heavily enmeshed with existing commercial operators; it gives us cable, pay tv and local radio but inside the IBA and the BBC, so that these will grow in the next decades into vast supra-media conglomerates. It gives us public accountability but by way of Home Office appointees.

A massive switch of doctrine is taking place; we are at the end of the age in which information and entertainment were thought to function in a surrogate open market, in which audiences and communicators took part in a series of transactions. There is a galloping trend throughout western Europe for the state to acquire more and more power over the first-line proprietors and controllers of media institutions.

In UNESCO the debate over the 'free and balanced flow of news' is obliging western governments to formulate policies and new doctrines in areas which were formerly thought best left alone. National systems of policy-making have been created in order to find a rational method for expanding the electronic media in the next few decades to take in teletext, viewdata, cable and community media. A completely new relationship is being born between government and information industries. The deadly sin of dirigisme is becoming the guarantor rather than the destroyer of pluralism in information.

At one level the White Paper, with its new flock of quangos and its 120 Home Office-appointed 'fit and proper persons', offers a frightening prospect of increased state intervention in popular information and entertainment. At another level it can be seen to be trying to work out ways in which the electronic media can get through to audiences (and communicators) which the existing market mechanisms failed to reach. Radio and television have taken only one reading of the audience-as-society, have ridden roughshod over scores of traditional audiences and publics, and have homogenised them into a single mass audience.

A small but not very compact 'minority' has always been provided for in some measure, a kind of Noah's Ark of High Teste, clinging to the old Third Programme or to BBC-2. But the 'minorities' for which the proposed OBA is designed, and the 'communities' who want to use cable television and local radio stations have little or nothing in common with the old broadcasting 'minority', apart from the label. They are, in reality, the original pre-mass society audiences and publics growing back into view. They are basically a network of *cultures*, national, ethnic, sexual, confessional, residential, geographical. Yet they are in one way the whole society. The power of government is the only one which can recontour them.

One interesting parallel can be found in the debate over subsidy systems to newspapers in Scandinavia (and other parts of Europe). In the last decade it became clear that the local and party-based nature of the newspaper press was collapsing under the impact of the retailing revolution of the 1960's, which was reorganising the needs of advertisers in such a way as to make competitive city-based newspapers (on which traditional political life depended) uneconomic. It has required quite massive state intervention, including special taxes on advertising and complex layers of subsidy, to save or re-establish pluralism in the daily press of Sweden, Finland, Norway. As new forms of electronic media develop, new traditions of state involvement are being established, not merely to distribute largesse, but to create secure links between publics and specific media.

In Washington, last month, after hearings and draftings almost as drawn-out as those of the Home Office, the Van Deerlin Committee produced its plan for the reorganisation of the whole of the regulatory machinery of American broadcasting. Its plans are a last gasp attempt to hold back the growing powers of the federal government in the electronics media and Van Deerlin acts as an interesting counterpoint to the enveloping trend. His plans entail abolishing all regulation of radio, suspending the 'fairness doctrine' and the provisions for 'equal time' in matters of controversy, permitting the open acquisition of radio licences for indefinite duration, ending all federal regulation of cable tv, allowing tv stations to hold their franchises indefinitely while complying with 'equal time' rules only during election campaigns. Yet even Lionel Van Deerlin, Democratic Representative for California, found himself swaying into dirigisme. Even he decided that the creation of a completely open market for broadcast utilities in an age of media conglomerates would never succeed in creating room for minority audiences. He proposed to collect a licence fee from all broadcasting entrepreneurs which would be used to pay for public broadcasting and for local social and ethnic minorities to be given their own stations. The grand scheme for the purest of laissez-faire systems ends up in subsidy and handout.

No-one in the UK (apart perhaps from a small group of Conservatives) wants to auction off the electromagnetic spectrum and allow anyone to broadcast anything which will get audiences and advertising. The information economy is too subtle and too important for that. Broadcasting, we all agree, must remain in the public sector, but for it to do so in the next era of growth and development of the media entails the substantial growth of government-run institutions. We have to learn to make the best of them.

Anthony Smith was an originator of the OBA plan; his book The Politics of Information *is published this week by Macmillan.*

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Beware of 'value added' — a simple device to protect profit

Wage bargaining is undergoing a subtle change which has far-reaching and dangerous implications for employees: companies are attempting to reach new pay settlements on the basis of 'value added' — an accounting device which obscures profit. CHRISTOPHER HIRD reports.

On the right is a value added statement, published in ICI's latest annual report. In the last few years these have been appearing more and more frequently in companies' annual accounts and nudging their way into wage bargaining. If wage agreements tied to 'value added' become a permanent feature of collective bargaining, it will be a most significant development.

A value added statement aims to show what has happened to the sales income of an enterprise: how much goes on wages, how much in taxes, how much on materials which have been bought in by the company. It assumes there are various 'stakeholders' – workers, shareholders, the government – each receiving a share of the wealth which the enterprise has produced. Companies have been particularly keen to include a value added statement in the special sets of accounts they send to their employees each year. They argue that it is a format which can easily be understood. It certainly looks different from the financial accounts which company directors are legally obliged to produce for their shareholders: these concentrate on profits, because shareholders are mainly interested in dividends.

The new vogue for value added statements is the result of a variety of developments and pressures, but it received a particular boost from the *Corporate Report*, published in 1975. In this, the Institute of Chartered Accountants discussed different ways of producing accounts – in recognition of the fact that people other than just shareholders were interested in their contents. The accountants were quite clear about the advantages they saw in value added statements: 'The simplest and most immediate way of putting profit into proper perspective *vis-a-vis* the whole enterprise as a collective effort by capital, management and employees is by presentation of a statement of value added (that is, sales income less materials and services purchased)'.

At the time of the Corporate Report, businesses were very keen to show that company profits, boosted by inflation, were, in real terms, low. The beauty of the value added statement is that it scarcely mentions profit at all. It talks instead about the 'disposal of value added', as if paying employees and shareholders were equivalent transactions. To find the pre-tax profits hidden in ICI's value added statement, you have to add the figures listed as 'corporate taxes, less grants,' 'dividends to stockholders' 'minority shareholders in subsidiaries' and 'profit retained'.

Another feature of the value added statement which employers find useful is that it appears to establish a community of interest between companies and their employees. When ICI introduced its new profit-sharing scheme based on the concept of value added, it described its aims as follows: '(1) To help encourage the co-operation and involvement of all employees in improving the business performance of the company; (2) to provide the tangible evidence of the unity of interest of employees and stockholders in the continued existence of ICI as a strong and financially viable company; (3) to help focus the interest of the employees towards being part of a more effective company.'

The real effect, however, may be less in the interests of employees and more in the interest of stockholders. When employees agree to base their wages on a value added statement, they agree that a certain proportion of the 'total value added' will go in wages, a proportion in dividends and so forth. Thereafter, it is assumed that those proportions are fixed and appropriate.

Generally, a company takes one year or an average of several years as a base from which to negotiate. If the 'value added' increases, it is shared out on the same proportions as that base. Choosing the base is obviously important and companies will tend to select one which shows a relatively low proportion going in wages. Several years of controlled wages and slightly less controlled prices have been good for company profits; the wages share of added value has been falling. Now is a good time for companies to formalise wage systems.

Agreements linked to 'value added' can easily be presented as self-financing productivity schemes. Indeed, the concept of 'value added' developed out of the drive for productivity deals. As early as 1952 it was being described as the 'truest measure of output' and by the end of the Fifties value added incentive payment systems were being introduced on a plant basis. But the current value added agreements, such as ICI's, tend to be negotiated at company level and relate not to physical output but to the financial performance of the company as a whole.

Employers have taken the opportunity of the Phase Three rules to offer their workers productivity increases based on 'value added'. The trend is causing some unease among trade union officials. Profits have made a sharp recovery from the low point of 1974; a period of recession or, at best, stagnation may well be on the way. If companies can succeed in creating a community of interest between themselves and their employees now, together with an agreement on the shareout of value added, their profits will be protected.

There are problems of definition, too. Some companies deduct depreciation as a cost, in arriving at value added. In fact the depreciation charge represents part of the funds available to the company and should be classified as a distribution of value added. Sometimes companies show a large tax payment, which includes deferred tax, which could more properly be classified as part of the funds available for investment.

A perceptive negotiator will see through such deceits, but there are more fundamental objections to the use of value added statements. They present an incomplete, over-simplified account of what goes on in a company.

Sources and disposal of value added

	1977 £ million
Sources of income	
Sales	4,663
Royalties and other trading income	39
Less: Materials and services used	(2,866)
Value added by manufacturing and trading	1,836
Share of profits of principal associated companies and investment income	96
Exchange gain (loss) on net current assets of overseas subsidiaries	(29)
Extraordinary items	(29)
Total value added	1,874
Disposal of total value added	
Employees	1,092
– pay, plus pension and national insurance contributions	1,063
– profit sharing bonus	29
Governments – corporate taxes, less grants	202
Providers of capital	226
– interest paid on borrowings	107
– dividends to stockholders	93
– minority shareholders in subsidiaries	26
Re-investment in the business	354
– depreciation set aside	221
– profit retained	133
	1,874

For instance, the share going to wages generally takes gross wages, and includes employees' national insurance contributions, the company's contribution to a pension scheme and often the cost of other employee benefits. Meanwhile the share going to capital is broken up into smaller pieces for presentation.

Important questions about the operation of the company are not dealt with in the context of value added statements. For instance, who makes the decision about the investment of retained funds, the size of the company's reserves (which can be used as a buffer when times are poor) and the appropriateness of using such a measure, for just one year, as a basis for paying wages or judging a company's performance?

There is no logical reason why the share of every marginal bit of value added should be the same as the share of the average, nor is there any reason why the share out should be constant over time. But these principles will become accepted if value added keeps a hold on wage negotiations. Once the principle of sharing increased value added is accepted, and value added starts falling, then workers have accepted (by implication) the logic of redundancies or wage cuts.

It is too early yet to tell how serious that implication is. In many cases unions have accepted value added payments schemes only as a way of getting round wage controls. However, the TUC has given its support to value added statements and the industrial background of high unemployment and fears of inflation may be suitable to promote the idea of a community of interest between workers and companies. If business succeeds in establishing the consensus between management and unions which is so much in evidence in America, they will have achieved it without giving up anything in return.

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Barbara Wootton

Can we still be Democratic Socialists?

It is now three years since this journal published an article of mine entitled *The Last Days of Capitalism?* The query still remains, and it may be thought that the patient is an unconscionable time dying. But in a sense capitalism is already dead. No nineteenth century entrepreneur or classical economist would recognise the mixed (or should one say 'mixed-up?) economies of contemporary Western Europe as 'capitalism'. Those systems are neither capitalist fish flesh fowl nor socialist good red herring. Moreover their vulnerability to inflation and unemployment augurs ill for their survival in anything like their present form; and the short-term outlook is complicated by the violent head-on clashes between economists as to the correct remedies to be prescribed. In this country the Treasury takes one view and the Cambridge dons the opposite, while Denis Healey (not being himself a professional economist) shakes the two together into a cocktail of his own, which he hopes will be palatable to the IMF. Meanwhile all over the non-communist world so-called Marxists (like disciples of other faiths, not always apparently well versed in the master's teaching) proclaim their readiness to administer the fatal dose.

Apart from that catastrophic solution, the longer-term alternatives now on offer are either a Keith Joseph-type revival of capitalism proper, or the ideal of 'democratic socialism' to which the Labour Party as a whole has long paid lip service, and which is still actively promulgated by the Left.

The economic case for and against a free market economy has been argued so often over more than a century that only a few words are necessary here. Private enterprise, it is alleged, gives the public what it wants, because every individual can express his wishes by buying or not buying any particular product, and future production will adjust itself to the preferences thus expressed. It is also said to encourage initiative, by leaving the door open for anybody to have a shot at making money by producing something that he can hope to sell profitably.

To this the socialist retorts that the individual's power to influence production is always limited by his spending capacity: the poor are virtually dis-franchised in the ballot of the market place where votes are allocated on the principle of one pound, one vote, not one man one vote. Moreover we know from experience that a free market economy results in an extraordinary pay structure in which the people who produce essential food get well below average pay, while those who print (or periodically refuse to print) our newspapers habitually earn more money than any other manual workers. Experience has likewise shown that the initiative essential to keep the system going depends on the whims and the cupidity of potential investors: it is not only wage earners who periodically go on strike. As for giving people what they want, thousands of men and women want a job more than they want anything else; and capitalism even in its heyday never guaranteed that to all willing workers.

Baroness Wootton of Abinger

Despite the procrastination of the Prime Minister, the outlines of a Labour Party Manifesto are beginning to take shape. Barbara Wooton at 81 still has an immense amount to contribute to any such discussion of the Labour Party's thinking. As Peter Townsend wrote in this paper on her 80th birthday, 'One major theme of her work has been to spell out the case for democratic socialism not just with criticism of the existing order but with positive examples of how it might be achieved'. Her published works remain uncannily relevant today. They include *Freedom under Planning; The Social Foundations of Wage Policy, a Study of Contemporary British Wage and Salary Structure* **which formed a critique of neo-classical wage theory;** *Incomes Policy: An Inquest and a Proposal.* **Her autobiography was published in 1967 under the title** *In a World I Never Made.*

Today, I suppose, even the most ardent marketeer makes some concession to 'government interference'. If the Tories are unlikely to propose the total abolition of Supplementary Benefit, they make noises about the £2.6m. involved in 'social security scrounging' while keeping quiet about the £80m. arrears of tax detected by the Inland Revenue in 1975. At least their objectives are clear. Industrialists, they say, should be left to run their businesses as they wish, free of government 'interference' about such matters as conditions of employment or dismissal of staff, or the prices, quality and conditions of sale of their products. Then, undisturbed by meddlesome ministers and civil servants, the captains of industry will cheerfully accept the impersonal rule of the market which enriches those who satisfy their customers and ruins those who don't. Above all they must be spared the agony, or even the fear, of seeing their industries transferred into public ownership and run by ignorant bureaucracies acting under the domination of still more ignorant ministers.

ON ITS SIDE the Labour government, even after the 1974 elections, kept up the appearance of adhering to traditional socialist doctrine, defined by the Concise Oxford Dictionary as 'a political and economic theory of social organisation which advocated that the community as a whole should own and control the means of production, distribution and exchange'. A first step was to set up the National Enterprise Board with extensive powers to acquire the shares of industrial companies. But, except for the sudden and unexplained resignation of its first chairman (whose successor has declared himself to be a 'firm believer in the mixed economy'), the Board's history has been undramatic. It has channelled public funds into a mixed collection of over 30 companies, but reported in 1977 that its 'overall performance continued to be dominated by the results of British Leyland'. Meanwhile the aircraft and shipbuilding industries have been nationalised, the British National Oil Corporation established, and Government directly holds shares in more than a score of other companies, occasionally as the majority, or even the sole, shareholder, for a variety of reasons ranging from national security to the rescue of lame ducks. But no general plan which could be the scaffold of a collectivist economy is discernible in the resulting picture.

The 1974 White Paper which heralded the birth of the NEB also proposed 'a new and improved framework for co-operation between the Government and leading industrial Companies' in the shape of 'planning agreements'; but little has since been heard of such agreements actually materialising. A subsequent conference of CBI, TUC and Government at Chequers did, however, earmark sectors of industry in which the need for new investment and an energetic export policy was particularly urgent; and 'sectoral working parties' have since been reminding sundry companies of their obligations.

During the currency of the Lib-Lab pact, nationalisation and public ownership of course became dirty words. Is the ban then to be permanent? Even if these words cannot to be wholly expunged from party manifestoes, there are influential members of the Party who believe them to be no more

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than ritual genuflections to a socialist inheritance. There certainly has been a profound change in Labour pronouncements since the days when the 1945 Government sought to lay the foundations of a collectivist economy by nationalising key industries one after another with an enthusiasm and expedition the like of which has never been seen since.

Yet still, in and out of Parliament there are plenty of Labour Party members who call themselves democratic socialists (not social democrats, which has a quite different meaning), and set their sights on a comprehensively planned economy under public ownership. Primarily they want to see the end of a 'system' (if such it can be called) under which no one is responsible for calculating how 50 million people crammed into this island with only modest natural resources are to be fed, clothed, housed, occupied and entertained; and they also want to end our dependence on the gamble (and what a gamble it is!) that the prospect of personal gain will entice enough companies and individuals into turning out enough stuff to keep us going.

Miraculously that gamble has in a sense paid off – but at the price of affluence for some and misery for others. Now however it seems at last to be letting us down. For many years past even the most convinced anti-planner has had to tolerate some 'interferences' with the market system against the risk that the very poor may die of starvation or hypothermia (which nevertheless some still do). But today the ever increasing, though well-intentioned, flood of restrictions on freedom of enterprise, the controls on prices and dividends, the taxation necessary to satisfy the insatiable demands of the 'Welfare state' – all this has infected industrialists with a lingering psychological disease called 'loss of confidence' which renders them unable to fulfil their essential role of organising the production and marketing of what they think we want.

In short it has now become clear that there comes a point beyond which you cannot civilise capitalism. If its ruthlessness is restrained, its operators throw in the towel. But if capitalism cannot or will not keep our industry humming, public enterprise must come to the rescue. Then, under a predominantly collectivist economy, we should not be tied to a crazy world where anyone who has the money can install a quadrophonic radio system in his home, but if anything goes wrong with the plumbing it is the devil's own job to get it put right – or to a world of built-in obsolescence and of change for change's sake, masquerading as obedience to consumer preferences.

Can it really be true that we could not do better than this with an intelligently planned programme of industrial development submitted to and mauled by Parliament in the same way as financial budgets, and subsequently executed by industries in public ownership?

Might we not also revive the old slogan of 'production for use and not for profit', with its emphasis on the eternal conflict of interest between seller and purchaser?

THE FACT IS that in any transaction, the profit-seeking seller enjoys an advantage not shared by the purchaser. Otherwise why is there no motto *caveat vendor* to match the traditional *caveat emptor*? Presumably therefore all consumers must at times have been, knowingly or unknowingly, cheated by profit-seekers.

In her BBC programme *That's Life*, Esther Rantzen regularly uncovers a remarkable flow of examples of the iniquities to which profit seekers are driven. Admittedly these cases represent only a fringe of cheats such as turn up in any context, be it social security, income tax or the offer of goods or services for sale. But even if the dishonest garage owners and the fraudulent estate agents unmasked in the Rantzen programme are untypical of the mass of their professional colleagues, the fact remains that in a system based on production for profit it is to the financial advantage of every profit-seeker, from the huge multinational company to the one-man business, to diddle his customer in one way or another. Nationalised industries, no less than other large organisations dealing with the public, are liable to suffer from the bureaucratic vices of incompetence and indifference to their clients' requirements, but only enterprises whose *raison d'être* is to maximise their own profits enjoy the peculiar privilege of being able to make money out of their own vices. Socialists are socialist because an economic system which inevitably exposes its producers to such temptations seems to them wrong in principle.

'There comes a point beyond which you cannot civilise capitalism. If its ruthlessness is restrained, its operators throw in the towel.'

Nor can those temptations be dismissed as negligible. Evidence to the contrary is to be found in the mass of legislation which has proved necessary to protect the public against those who succumb to them. Thus, in addition to price and profit controls (for which there may be special reasons in particular economic circumstances) we have regulations to secure the accuracy of trade descriptions (prescribing, for example, what proportion of the contents of a tin must consist of actual meat if it is to be described as 'tinned steak'); regulations to protect the signatories of hire-purchase agreements against contingent obligations which they may have overlooked; regulations requiring the weight of the contents of a package to be distinguished from the weight of the package as a whole; and so on. These and thousands of similar rules have not been imposed for the fun of it, but because experience had shown that, without such protection, consumers were being cheated.

Even where they succeed, these attempts to civilise capitalism have two lamentable consequences. First, the business of drafting and enforcing them occupies a substantial volume of resources which could well be more productively used. Second, the need to keep abreast of them and observe their requirements adds to the irritation, and accelerates the loss of confidence amongst would-be profit-makers, to which I have already referred. In the business world of to-day there are those to whom death by slow strangulation seems a more imminent danger than death by Marxist violence.

UP TO THIS point I have evaded the challenge that democratic socialism is a contradition in terms, and that centralised

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economic planning and totalitarianism are Siamese twins who would inevitably destroy all our liberties. More than thirty years ago Professor Hayek proclaimed in his *Road to Serfdom* the absolute incompatibility of any brand of socialism and personal liberty. Indeed in this book he went so far as to argue that even a democratic state has no right to pursue any specific objective such as 'the general welfare' or 'social justice'. In so doing it would merely be sacrificing some people's interests to those of others. The sole function of the State should be to provide a framework in which everyone could, as we say now, 'do his own thing', and in a later pamphlet he even carried this thesis to the astounding conclusion that 'nothing has done so much to destroy the judicial safeguards of individual freedom as the striving after this mirage of social justice'.

Today, however, Hayek's followers appear to be inclined to eschew such extravagant argument, and to treat the incompatibility of economic collectivism and personal liberty as an axiom which unbelievers such as myself ignorantly fail to recognise as such; and if we persist in our scepticism, the trump card is played. Where in the world, we are asked, are civil liberties, as understood in this country, respected in a socialist economy? That challenge is, however, easily met. In this age of exceptionally rapid technical and social change, rash indeed is he who relies on the argument that what has not happened cannot happen. Radio, television, computers, even Communism itself, and (in this country) social insurance, votes for women and consensual divorce are all examples of twentieth century novelties. Admittedly no socialist economy has as yet permitted the political and civil freedoms now enjoyed by the British (which incidentally most Communist countries never knew even in their pre-Communist days). But not so long ago the Czechoslovaks might have achieved freedom under planning had their experiment not been ruthlessly disrupted by a totalitarian foreign invasion, instigated, presumably, by the invaders' fear that that experiment might succeed. And what might still happen if the Euro-Communists get the upper hand in the EEC?

Liberty as a generalised concept, is however, empty of practical meaning. Liberties are real, liberty is not. At one extreme, what possible connection can there be between economic collectivism and freedom from arbitrary arrest? The question whether the nation's needs are met by the uncoordinated activities of numerous privately-owned firms, or by publicly-owned industries working to a prearranged plan, has no logical or necessary link with the legal process by which thieves, murderers or traitors are brought to justice, and the innocent protected.

On the other hand most cultural freedoms do depend in some degree upon a material framework. Freedom of speech is not the same as freedom to soliloquise: it postulates access to premises where people can hear what the speaker says. Religious freedom similarly needs places where worshippers can congregate, and perhaps also candles and vestments. Writers need paper and means of printing and publishing, painters need paint and canvasses.

Of course it is *possible* for the production and upkeep of these facilities to be controlled in such a way that they become accessible only to persons whose tastes, politics, or life-styles are approved by government. In totalitarian states they are so controlled, but the anti-planners cannot have it both ways. First, they argue that what has not yet happened never will. Then they switch to the antithesis that whatever has happened must happen again. Yet experience has already demonstrated that the inherent tendency of the powerful to grasp more power can be sufficiently well contained by checks and balances in democratic states for basic liberties to be preserved. Timorous indeed are those who contend that the mere extension of government activities into the essentials of national housekeeping will inevitably be seized by evil men as opportunity to trample on the liberties of their fellows. The argument goes too far, for only a state of anarchy, in which no legitimate authority exercised any power at all, could wholly eliminate the risk that power grows by what it feeds on.

The one point where centralised planning may touch sensitive issues affecting traditional liberties is on the shop floor, since all plans have eventually to be implemented here. In this context the major issues involved are methods of fixing pay, and the right to choose one's occupation. So far as pay is concerned, it looks as if the old smash and grab system of 'free collective bargaining' (even when preceded by the adjective 'responsible') is unlikely to survive much longer in any complex industrial system, capitalist or socialist. Some kind of recognised pay policy must surely become a permanent feature of all highly industrialised societies; but the respective roles of government and trade unions in relation to pay problems will vary from one country to another. In Britain much more discussion and a clearer vision of the future are needed before any detailed proposals can be usefully drafted. Even at this stage, however, it should be emphasised that collectivist economic planning in no way implies, as is often alleged, abolition of the right to strike.

'We might do well to study the experience of some of the less orthodox Communist states.'

Freedom of choice of occupation is a more difficult matter. Obviously an economic plan cannot be implemented unless the right people are available to work in the right jobs in the right places. In the case of skilled personnel, contracts requiring them to give their services anywhere in Great Britain may be necessary; but this, after all, is no more than is normally included in the terms of service of non-manual civil servants, and is compensated in their case by security of employment. Similar security could and should be offered to manual workers on the same conditions. On the other hand, in the case of work requiring little training or skill, there must be many among the 1½ million unemployed who value the right to have a job more highly than the right to choose exactly what they will or will not do. Might we not eventually move towards a system in which we all did a spell of such work at some time in our lives?

Problems relating to recruitment and deployment of the labour force, and to dovetailing the output of individual production units into a comprehensive programme face every kind of comprehensive economic planning, whether democratic or not. In this connection therefore we might do well to study the experience of some of the less orthodox Communist states. If there is anything to be learned from what people are doing in one field, it is stupid to turn a blind eye to that, because one disapproves of what they are doing in others. Might it not, for example, be useful to know (most of us don't) exactly how the Yugo-Slavs integrate into a national plan their so-called 'self-regulating' enterprises, described by one American observer as a system in which labour employs capital instead of *vice versa*? The nearest analogy in our world would seem to be a series of workers' co-operatives. And is there not significance in the Hungarians' recent move towards control by incentives, rather than by administrative order, in setting the targets to be reached by individual enterprises? Although the very idea of extending our horizons into communist areas seems to be anathema to most British economists, closer study of those areas might ironically bring us to the conclusion that the proper role of market forces is not to govern the broad pattern of industrial output, but to secure the conformity of individual enterprises with comprehensive national plans approved by Parliament.

This article has argued that if capitalism is on its last legs, democratic socialism could and should have a future. To anyone who has lived, as I have, through the fantastic economic and social changes of the present century, it sometimes seems as if we must be half-way there already. But there are two clouds still on the horizon. Of these the first hangs permanently over Britain, and bursts periodically whenever our overseas creditors or suppliers or the people who make money out of currency speculation take a dislike to our policies. We have been drenched by that before, and might be again at any time. The other cloud is new: its threat is world-wide and the speed of its approach difficult to calculate. It threatens a downpour of revolutionary new industrial technology consequent upon the invention of microprocessors. In the market economy of the United States, where these developments have already proceeded further than elsewhere, the immediate consequence has been millionaire-dom for the industrialists concerned and unemployment for nearly all their employees. Such a situation is unthinkable in this country. So if and when that storm strikes here, the responsibility of government for industry and employment must assume an entirely new dimension.

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Alison McLeod: The Jewish pavilion is closed for repairs

The Jewish Museum in Warsaw is just off plac Feliksa Dzierzynskiego, or Dzerzhinsky Square. (The Polish nobleman who founded the Soviet Secret Police is officially a hero, and has a huge, terrifying statue amid the trams.) You may be lucky enough to find the museum open, but it does not follow that you will be able to see the exhibits. You have to find someone to switch on the lights.

Having accomplished this, I was looking at the religious objects in the showcases, when a Dutch woman journalist appeared, protesting loudly. She had been to Auschwitz, and had found the Jewish pavilion there closed. Only a few days before, this pavilion had been shown to Dr Nahum Goldmann, president of the world Jewish Congress, who had complimented the Polish authorities on the new exhibition there. In Warsaw, Jewish delegates from Britain and other countries had been laying wreaths on the Ghetto memorial. Now the wreaths had faded; the delegates had gone home. And the Dutch woman was insisting that the national pavilions of all other Auschwitz victims were open. Only the Jewish one was closed.

'Perhaps for repairs?' suggested the embarrassed director of the Jewish Museum. 'Our upper floors are closed for repairs.'

'I want to see them!' said the Dutch woman, and I backed her up. The museum director drew a barrier aside for us.

That was how I managed to see the world-famous pictures of the Warsaw Ghetto. A few of them were shown recently at the Polish Cultural Centre in London, and the centrepiece there was a picture of a memorial tablet to Catholic Poles who were shot by the Nazis for helping and sheltering Jews. Here in Warsaw was the memorial tablet itself. It was not of marble, as I had thought from the picture, but of wood. It was thick with dust, and a piece of board attached to it was hanging crooked.

Other museums in Warsaw are visited by parties of respectful, well-behaved schoolchildren. 'And here, children, are four of our most famous Polish kings. Do you know their names?' The children always do. I saw no schoolchildren in the Jewish Museum – not even in the part open to the public. Other museums have postcards and mementoes. Here there was nothing to buy.

The floor above (also closed) had an exhibition of work by Jewish artists. Certainly both floors needed repair. I would like to be sure that they are actually getting it. The one remaining synagogue in Warsaw is also about to be repaired. If it is not, it will hardly get through another winter. By contrast, the dazzling white and gold of the Protestant Church, refurbished at state expense, catered for a Sunday congregation of not much more than 100 people. The Jews believe that there are about 700 of them left in Warsaw. Those I met around the synagogue were old men – one was over 90. They were finding it hard to manage on the old age pension, but they had a horror of the one obvious way of supplementing their income – currency racketeering. The currency racket is so open and so universal that Christian Poles take it for granted. Now and again, however, there is a police round-up of currency dealers. The Jews know about round-ups. Their age-old caution has been reinforced by what happened ten years ago.

On January 30, 1968, the Polish authorities banned a play. To this day it is believed in Warsaw that the Russians made them do it. How could any Polish government, of its own accord, ban the work of Poland's national poet, Adam Mickiewicz? The play, Dziady (Forefathers) was written in the early 19th century and contained some anti-Russian lines, which the 1968 audience rapturously applauded.

When it was banned, the Warsaw students laid a wreath on the statue of Mickiewicz. The police surrounded the statue and arrested the wreath-layers. The students then organised protest marches. The official newspapers published the names of 'Zionists' who were alleged to be leading the marches. One of those named was in Paris at the time, but Polish papers do not have to publish retractions or apologies. Factory workers were mobilised to attack the students. 'They had certain scruples and inhibitions,' reported a delegate to the party conference. 'They had to be told who the instigators are and what the sources are, and then all of them went into action.'

There cannot have been many Zionists in Poland then. Emigration to Israel had been legal for over 10 years, and those who wanted to go had gone. But the official campaign continued against people with Jewish names. If they had Polish names they were described as: 'Jozef Rozanski alias Goldberg.

Communist Jews were expelled from the Party, deprived of their jobs and told to apply for visas to Israel. One who was passionately anti-Zionist, flatly refused. He said he would never go to Israel. After six months of being unemployed and ostracised he was faced with starvation if he did not. So he applied to go to Israel. The official who gave him the visa laughed in his face. 'You see! You Zionists always come in in your true colours at last.' Some 14,000 Jews went. However, most of them got no further than Scandinavia, where they are still living.

'It's all over now!' I was officially told, when I enquired about anti-semitism. 'We have Jewish ministers in the Government. The Jewish pavilion at Auschwitz? Closed for repairs. Jews are normal people – not special people. And remember – it's only in Poland that the Jews have been able to develop a culture of their own. Have you been to our Yiddish Theatre?'

I found, however, that if I listened to all this in silence, and if the man talking was not himself a Jew, he would eventually pause for breath, and then add: 'Mind you, we Poles resent it very much, when people write as if nobody but Jews suffered in the war. And you know, some of the Jews who came back from Russia after the war – they were the people who gave our government a bad name.'

Outside official circles, I heard this line derided. 'The civil service is *judenrein*,' one man told me, deliberately using the Nazi term.'The army is *judenrein*,' he added with particular feeling, as he was himself a war hero. 'The only place in Poland where there is no anti-semitism is inside the Jewish Museum. That's our ghetto. We can go there and feel safe.'

I said: 'But if there are only 700 Jews left in Warsaw, and a few thousand scattered round the rest of Poland, how can you be blamed the next time things go wrong?' For answer, he quoted the words of Goering. '*I* decide who is a Jew and who isn't.'

Institute of Development Studies

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Christopher Price: Scrapping over phosphate in the Spanish Sahara

A desultory guerrilla war has been going on over the desert territory of the former Spanish Sahara for two and a half years now, between Morocco and Mauritania on the one hand and the Polisario guerrillas on the other; from one point of view it is a vicious personal squabble between Boumedienne of Algeria and Hassan of Morocco; but it has wider global, ideological implications which are consistently muddied by the welter of untruth and exaggeration put out by each side in the propaganda war. The Polisario insist that they are a pure indigenous Saharan movement, and would like to elevate their cause to the level of respectability enjoyed by the Patriotic Front in Zimbabwe and SWAPO in Namibia; the Moroccans insist that everything in the Sahara is under control (though, unaccountably, they need 20,000 Moroccan troops to keep it that way) and that the Polisario are mere Algerian and largely non-Spanish-Saharan hirelings – muttering darkly, the while, about Cubans, communists and threats to the civilised world.

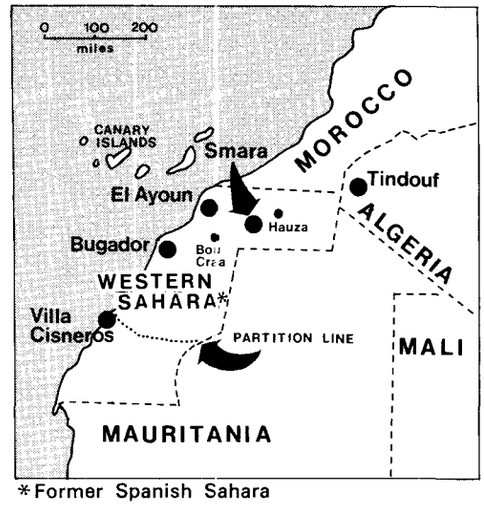
Muktah Ould Dadah, the President of Mauritania, as his army became increasingly demoralised, simply asked, like Oliver Twist, for more – arms from France and soldiers from Morocco. Partly as a result he was deposed by a group of officers who felt they could do better. It is difficult to see how they will. France backs Morocco and Mauritania, and chides its European neighbours for their negligence and lassitude towards communist threats. The rest of the West (including the UN) piously declares the problem to be an African one which the Organisation of African Unity should sort out – knowing perfectly well that the OAU possess neither the will nor the capability to do so. Meanwhile the Soviet Union gives political and military support to Algeria, economic support in terms of a new Atlantic port and a long-term phosphate agreement to Morocco, withholds overt recognition from the Polisario and sits back while the world revolution takes its predestined course in Africa.

But first a little history. In 1975 while Franco was taking an interminable time a-dying, the Spanish government dithered about its remaining African colony – a barren yet minerally rich stretch of the Sahara desert bordering the sea. At the time it contained a phosphate mine, vast Spanish army camps, between 70,000 (according to the Spanish) and 700,000 (according to the Polisario) Saharans and little else. The population had been treated atrociously for a century, with no attempt at development whatsoever. An independence movement of such politically conscious folk as there were, stimulated in part by the Moroccans, had grown up. In the international diplomatic world the assumption was that it would become in time just one further African nation, into which a European 'patron' state could pump aid and arms, and whose minerals it could exploit. Boumedienne wanted a 'window to the Atlantic' not just to cut Morocco down to size but also to export his iron ore more cheaply; and there is a good deal of evidence that he had done a private deal with Franco to share effective control of the newly independent state between the two of them. But there were snags; some of the Saharan tribes had strong historic links with Morocco; and in spite of severe repression and torture of his political left, King Hassan was still politically insecure; a foreign diversion in the Sahara was tailor-made to kill two birds with one stone – win back some of Morocco's ancestral 'lost' territory and revivify his flagging domestic support. Giscard (together with his relatively prosperous and democratic African brethren on the Ivory Coast and Senegal) was worried by the threat an Algerian-backed Western Sahara would pose to his rickety client states of Mauritania, Mali, Niger and Chad to the south. While in Madrid in the post-Franco political vacuum, there were those, in particular Jose Ruiz, the Falangist Party Minister, who had financial links with Morocco, and were less disposed to deliver on the Caudillo's deals with Algeria.

So the almost inevitable happened; in October 1975 Hassan whipped up the Green March of 350,000 patriot volunteers to take over the Sahara, and a month later worked out a deal with the new Spanish Government to partition the country between himself and Mauritania, in spite of UN resolutions that a referendum be held. Many of the young, and now thwarted, independence campaigners went off affronted to Algeria and riposted by declaring an independent state – the Saharan Arab Democratic Republic, 24 hours in advance of the handover from Spain to Morocco in February 1976 – and simultaneously launching a guerrilla war against Morocco and Mauritania from the safe refuge of Tindouf, an iron ore frontier town in Algeria.

The operation was not too difficult. The Moroccans and Mauritanians had 266,000 square kilometres of desert to secure and the Polisario could disappear into Algeria whenever the going got too hot. It was not a war the Polisario could ever win, but they had one compelling argument; in taking over the Sahara, the Moroccans were defying that frail but precious principle which alone prevented Africa bursting out into wars all over the place – the sanctity of its arbitrary colonial boundaries.

My involvement in all this so far has been relatively impartial; earlier this year Claude Cheysson, the (French socialist) European Commissioner, had wheeled in to a committee of the European Assembly President Muktah Ould Dadah of Mauritania for a bit of special pleading, and the Socialist Group of the Assembly, as it



*Former Spanish Sahara

turned out, with some prescience, responded by meeting the Polisario instead. In their impeccable Parisian accents, they argued as convincingly as any young African intellectual elite possibly could, for the justice of their cause – a referendum in accordance with UN resolutions, and a free, independent socialist (and Islamic) Western Sahara. A month ago the Moroccans (who are on something of a pro-English trip at the moment, to counteract their reputation as a staging-house for the maintenance of French neo-colonialism) conveyed myself and three other parliamentary colleagues into cheering Saharan crowds in El Ayoun, Smara and Bugador. In impressive unison and enthusiastic Arabic they shouted: 'Long live the King and his friends'. It was an experience. These three main Saharan towns are clearly now stable, relatively unmilitarised and relaxed, and feverishly building things – especially mosques. Whatever the authenticity of the plethora of Polisario press releases (often date lined Hauza – an obscure watering hole to which they have only spasmodic and probably dwindling access), the three main towns of the northern zone are now securely Moroccan, and the vast majority of folk who have stayed seem to have accepted it. The Polisario may still have the majority of the committed politicians; but the Moroccans now seem to have persuaded the administrators to make the region work as an integral part of Morocco. The Polisario are reduced to blowing up, from time to time, the conveyor belt from The Bou Craa phosphate mines to the sea, and concentrating their efforts against Mauritania – where they have had some spectacular successes. The communiques of neither side, however, are trustworthy. Undoubtedly the Moroccans have captured Algerians and an assortment of other Africans fighting for the Polisario; their King alleged recently, in an interview with *L'Express*, somewhat implausibly, that he believed Cubans also were fighting with the Polisario since the Moroccan army had come across decapitated, uncircumcised corpses with un-African skin colouring. The Polisario for their part have captured Frenchmen fighting for the Mauritanians, and shown them off to the Press.

It is more fruitful to leave the facts on one side and try to weigh up the prospects for peace. These are not good. The Moroccans are in *de facto* control of the territory

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and declare their sovereignty over it non-negotiable. The Polisario, with their 'republic in exile' now recognised by Tanzania and other African states (as well as North Korea and North Yemen) are not giving up. Boumedienne seems at the moment inclined to continue to back them and as long as he does so, the guerilla war can continue and tie down the Moroccan army. The Moroccan problem is thus now an economic, rather than a military or political one, exacerbated by their failure two years ago to quadruple the price of phosphate. Hassan has been adept politically – creating stalemate in the OAU on the issue and consolidating Afro-Arab support by sending troops to Syria for their war against Israel. But he is badly placed to take the matter further and create a political settlement; quite apart from the personal animosity between the leaders, the Moroccans have never forgiven the French for handing over the vast proportion of Saharan territory and resources to Algeria (which at the time, of course, was meant to remain French, rather than become independent); and the Moroccan régime is all too often regarded in the one-party state of Algeria as a bastion of reaction and a puppet of France.

So the war will go on – a symbol of the inability of either Arab or black Africa to solve its own disputes. The Moroccans will defend their *de facto* squatters' rights, and the Polisario the right to their sacred *de jure* colonial boundaries. Perhaps one day the young revolutionaries and the old Islamic traditionalists will evolve some compromise; but it is not in sight yet.

Tim Shawcross: The cost of South Korea's industrial boom

It is now five years since Kim Dae Jung was abducted from a Tokyo Hotel in broad daylight and forced back to Seoul by the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency. As leader of the opposition New Democratic Party, he was the man who came closest to unseating President Park in the 1971 elections by securing 46 per cent of the vote. He further enraged the Government by his activities outside Korea – in particular his denouncement of Park as an 'Asian Hitler'. The Government regarded the kidnap as an unqualified success – ignoring the worldwide protest that followed.

Recent reports state that Kim Dae Jung has been moved to the detention ward of a Seoul hospital. His resignation from the NDP earlier this year, protesting at their lack of opposition, has fuelled rumours of his possible release – but with Presidential elections looming in December it is unlikely. Meanwhile, the Human Rights movement and the struggle for the restoration of democracy is left largely in the hands of the church, with groups like the Urban Industrial Mission leading the way. It's an organisation which advises workers of their rights and follows up cases and causes on their behalf. UIM's most spectacular success last year was the case of the Pangrim Textile workers. This was the appeal they made to management:– 'In our factory we work three eight-hour shifts but from when to when we do not know. We are forced to come early and leave late . . . because we have no holidays, night shift is too tiring and so our bodies are exhausted . . . therefore we take "timing", a medicine to keep awake. Some of us have eaten too many and are now addicted to these pills. If we fall asleep we are reprimanded and beaten. We are ashamed to say that sometimes we cannot go to the toilet and so use the factory floor. The machines never stop.'

UIM took up their case and conditions have since improved. This year their preoccupation has been with the Dong Il Textile Company – a large company employing 1,400 people, most of them women. It has a long history of attempts to form a democratically elected union – attempts which have met with harsh resistance from management, police and Government. Six women from various textile companies were arrested on Easter Day for interrupting a church service and demanding the three basic rights for workers – the right to organise, the right to strike and the right of collective bargaining. The six women were also members of UIM. A week later, 126 workers were fired for going on a hunger strike and being absent from work at the end of April; some of the same workers occupied the Dong Il Textile Factory in Inchon but were arrested after six hours by the riot police. Eventually they were released except two – Lee Chong Kak, chairperson of the union, and Kim in Sook, the union director. The next day, 27 April, the company-managed union election was held without the fired workers and the company-favoured candidate was elected by a majority of 40 to three.

Despite continuous harassment over the last fifteen years, including surveillance and phonetapping by the Korean CIA, the UIM have struggled on. The Government response has been to redouble efforts to close them down. One of the Mission Leaders, the Reverend In, was arrested on 1 May. He has been charged under the all embracing Emergency Decree Number Nine and the Credit Union Law. His main offence seems to have been to have delivered a sermon referring to a recent case of suicide in which a mother killed herself and her three children. The reason was that her husband, a worker in a textile factory, had received just over one pound a day wages with which to support his wife and children. Last month Stephen Lavender, a 27-year-old UIM missionary, was expelled from South Korea on the grounds that his campaign for workers' rights did not fall within his brief as a missionary. The KCIA are also mounting a propaganda campaign, using one of their former employees called Hong Ji Yong. His latest adventure is a three hour compulsory lecture to factory workers. A recent address was preceded by the announcement that: 'This is an anti-communist lecture and so anyone creating a disturbance will be charged under the Anti-Communist Act'. A lecture he delivered in April accused the UIM ministers of using communist methods of organisation and agitating workers. The reason given for not arresting them was that they would claim that there was no freedom of religion and get international publicity. Because of this, Yong claims, they are just sitting back and watching until they can catch the whole group of communists!

Twenty-five years after the end of the war communists are still the Public Enemy No 1 and South Korea is still suffering from a massive persecution complex – partially justified and mainly paranoid. As Carter's phased withdrawal reduces the US military presence (30,000 ground troops out by 1981) – the paranoia will grow. That in turn will be translated into greater repression. Since the signing of the Armistice on 27 July 1953, $25 billion of American money has been poured into the South – over half in economic aid, the rest in military support. The combination adds up to an effective deterrent although the tension remains constant. Today the North and the South are separated only by the thin line of the 38th Parallel – a Far Eastern version of the Berlin Wall.

Pamnumjom, a village on the border, has become a bizarre tourist attraction. Coachloads of Japanese tourists arrive by the hour to take photographs of the North Korean guards. Beneath the surreal facade there is nothing more than an elaborate barbed wire fence separating two 500,000-man armies both armed to the hilt and ready for attack at a moment's notice. Seoul, the capital city, is within three minutes striking distance of the North Korean air force and every month its inhabitants go through their customary air raid drill. It is a convenient target and one which will look that much more tempting when the Americans have gone in three years time. All of which means that the Communist threat will be perceived to have grown worse. For the Church, UIM, the workers and the human rights movement in South Korea, that means more repression.

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Norman Peagam: Good crops and grim terror in Cambodia

Until three years ago, Net Phoumary worked as a secretary at a sugar refinery in Kompong Tram, about 20 miles west of the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh. Her husband was an electrical engineer there and together they made enough money to raise three children and save. 'We had a small villa and a car. Our life was comfortable,' she says.

After the fall of Phnom Penh in April 1975, she recalls, the communists 'put in jail all engineers, doctors, and teachers, whom they planned to destroy as "dangerous intellectuals". My husband suffered the same fate. He was not released until two years later, more dead than alive, having been subjected to brutal treatment. He died two months later.'

Net Phoumary took the children to stay with her parents in Svay Rieng province, where the villagers, grouped in camps according to sex and age, were forced to work up to 16 hours a day. 'At one o'clock in the morning, a gong sounded the departure for the fields', she continues. 'At noon we had a break for lunch consisting of rice gruel. Then we worked again until 6 pm, always under the watchful eyes of gun-toting soldiers. Children above the age of six had to tend buffaloes and cows, which were considered the property of the soldiers. Back from the fields in the evening, I received two bowls of bran and some banana roots. That's all I got for my family's dinner. But I had to wait until 11 pm to prepare it. For the slightest infringement of this rule, we would be beaten.' Many people in the village were arrested and shot for no apparent reason, including her father and two brothers. In January this year, she decided to flee, putting her three children, aged nine, six and four, into baskets which she carried on a shoulder pole to the border.

Net Phoumary's story was not told to western journalists or officials here in Thailand. It was broadcast recently over Hanoi radio, one of many similar stories carried by the Vietnamese media in recent weeks as Hanoi continues its propaganda campaign – and, some believe, its destabilisation efforts – against the Phnom Penh régime.

During the past three years, tens of thousands of Cambodians have fled to Thailand and Vietnam, and officials here say more are continuing to arrive at the rate of 50 to 60 a month, mainly from western Cambodia. They make the difficult and perilous journey despite physical weakness, tight surveillance, and landmines buried on the Cambodian side of the frontier. Refugees in both countries give virtually identical accounts of life inside the world's most isolated country, and apparently the grim conditions have not changed despite good crops, a steady consolidation of power by the régime, and cries of international outrage.

According to those arriving here in the past few weeks, the Cambodian population is now organised into work collectives with almost everyone, including children and those with trade or professional qualifications, forced to work in the fields up to 16 hours a day. During the rainy season, which is now approaching, they plant rice. During the dry season, they build dams and irrigation canals or perform light work such as making rope and wicker baskets. Every ten days, they have a day off to attend political classes. After work, all they do is rest and sleep.

They have built their own simple houses on stilts, made of wood or bamboo and measuring three metres by three. In the villages, theft and murder, along with other serious offences, have disappeared, as people are too terrified of the consequences. The only serious 'crimes' mentioned are being late for work and being overheard complaining about conditions. Casual conversation, even among neighbours, is discouraged, and no-one is allowed to leave their homes at night.

With some exceptions, the food allowance is still below minimum nutritional needs, despite good harvests. Malaria, beriberi, and dysentry are widespread and there is an acute shortage of medicine. Tree bark and roots are used instead as general curatives, together with injections of some kind of syrup, which has apparently proven lethal on occasions. Although clinics exist, staffed by 'revolutionary doctors', medical personnel are usually just ordinary peasants with no training at all.

Some reports indicate that, far from tapering off, executions and massacres have increased this year. Following last year's harvest, the wives and children of former government soldiers began being killed, refugees claim, under the slogan 'The new people are the enemy'. ('New' refers to all those living in areas held by the former Lon Nol government at the end of the war, possibly totalling some 3 million people.) Diplomats in Bangkok are even speculating that the regime may be planning to build its new Cambodian society solely with the younger generation, gradually eliminating the rest.

Cambodia now appears to be absolutely dependent on China, which operates regular flights between Peking and Phnom Penh, maintains between 1-2,000 aid personnel in the country (together with about 50 from North Korea), and has given the Cambodian government a blank cheque, drawn on the Bank of China in Hong Kong, to enable it to purchase essential goods and commodities from the outside world. In late 1975 the two countries signed a long-term aid agreement under which China will provide US$ 1,000 million to Cambodia.

In addition, Cambodia operates a small trade office in Hong Kong – through which it exports rice, corn, and rubber – and has begun small but significant trade with Japan and Singapore. Last year, the Singapore government supplied Cambodia with over US$ 1 million worth of petroleum, carried in Chinese ships to the deep-water port of Kompong Som, where it was paid for in US dollar bills.

There are those who attempt to defend the Cambodian régime. One non-aligned diplomat here with links to Phnom Penh says he still believes western (and Vietnamese) atrocity reports are exaggerated, that all revolutions involve bloodshed, and that while the outside world has the right to criticise, it cannot under any circumstances interfere.

More sophisticated friends of the new Cambodia suggest that its present radicalism reflects the social and political conditions prevailing there until recently, which should be compared with pre-revolutionary China rather than with pre-revolutionary Vietnam. They say the country was in a semi-colonial situation in which the 'main enemy' was internal rather than external, and over which an avowedly anti-imperialist and 'socialist' government (that of Sihanouk before 1970) had failed to solve the country's social and economic problems, necessitating a more radical approach.

But less sympathetic observers describe the Cambodian leadership as a small group of fanatics, former student radicals in France, who maintain power through abject terror and who are using the country and its population as a giant laboratory in which to experiment with their political ideas.

Some even wonder how much longer the present régime in Phnom Penh can survive. Hanoi radio regularly broadcasts in the Cambodian language thinly-veiled appeals for a popular uprising, and observers believe other potential sources of instability include mounting popular despair, fear generated among district and village leaders by turnover in local cadres resulting from executions, the drain on national resources caused by the border war with Vietnam, and perhaps growing disillusionment with the lack of progress of the battlefield.

The possibility that sections of the leadership may yet decide the régime has gone too far cannot be dismissed, according to diplomats here. There have been reports of isolated killings of Khmer Rouge soldiers by villagers, followed by swift and draconian retribution. But more significantly, refugees also talk of attempted uprisings, including one in the western provinces of Preah Vihear, Siem Reap and Oder Meachay about 18 months ago, in which the leadership of all three provinces were allegedly involved.

Last month, Phnom Penh claimed that a coup attempt backed by Vietnam 'and the CIA' had been suppressed at the end of May, and they say there have been several other Vietnamese-inspired coup attempts in the past. Even barring an internal rebellion, these attempts are presumably likely to continue unless there is a dramatic change of attitude towards Vietnam by the Cambodian government.

Bangkok

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London Diary

☐ I doubt if any of us will be much the wiser after the series of indecisions currently being taken by Anglican bishops at the Lambeth Conference. Cosily united on their 'central issue' that war is a Bad Thing (a proposition scarcely calculated to shake the walls of Jericho) they have fallen down badly over the ordination of women priests. In the name of ecumenicism, they have decided to take a firm unstand. Flying another ecumenical flag of convenience, Cardinal Hume, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, threatened dire consequences should the bishops stagger towards a conclusion in favour of women. It is not a pretty sight. Why cannot the two churches do a deal? No women priests, for example, in exchange for a rescinding of the RC ban on contraception?

Otherwise, the only true joy I gleaned from the whole farrago was the purchase (my first) of the *Church Times*. Did you know that the Diocese of Southwell has set up what is virtually a trade union to represent clerical interests? (I suppose there is always a Higher Court of Appeal should negotiations fail.) The gossip column has items about holiday attractions, among them a play about John Newton, slave-trader turned Christian: 'In danger of drowning during a terrifying storm, Newton began to realise his need for God; and he achieved lasting fame as a hymn-writer.' The advertisements are even better – 'Eucharista, the World's foremost Hassock makers' list their current attractive offers in pew seating, felt runners and altar rail kneelers. There are fire-smothering cloths to be had (the mind boggles) bargains in blankets, sheets and towels; and, in response to 'unprecedented demand', *Inter-Church Travel* has chartered a special train to visit the Holy Shroud in Turin (£66 return, *couchette extra*). If all else fails in the world of clerical pay disputes, theological wrangles and sexist-oriented ecumenicism, there is even the *Guil of Prayer for the Return of Our Lord*. Maybe he could sort something out?

☐ Rosemary Brown has, until recently, taken down only posthumous works by composers like Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt. It was something of a surprise for her to be astrologically approached by George Bernard Shaw. The terrestrial author of 57 plays, Shaw has now dictated the 58th variety to Mrs Brown – a work, it is feared, to be produced at the forthcoming Edinburgh Festival.

Michael Holroyd, biographer of Lytton Strachy and Augustus John, is only a third of the way through his ten-year travail as official biographer of GBS. He has not read the new play, but is a little dubious. 'Maybe I don't have enough faith or something. Mind you, it's not the first time this has happened. Even when dead, Shaw wouldn't shut up. But I've got so much material I can't cope with any more.' He was once lured to an allegedly important collection of Shaw manuscripts in America – only to discover that they were all 're-finished' by someone else. 'If Shaw was going to communicate with anyone', he complained, 'why didn't he do it with *me*?'

☐ Arguments about the deleterious effects of jogging continue. The offices of the *Guardian*, a journal renowned for its social awareness, have recently blossomed with notices advising employees to avoid possible heart attacks and join the cricket club instead. However, the last word on this ridiculous pastime must go to a visiting American academic friend. 'It's so goddam awful in Washington Square these days', he said, 'there are more joggers than human beings'.

☐ Mary Lou Williams, *doyenne* of jazz pianists, was back in London last week after a ten-year gap, due to fear of flying. Others claim she is older than she says – 68 – but I'm quite prepared to believe she was only 12 when she first played with Duke Ellington in the Twenties. Fairly mountainous in striped pink chiffon, with heavily-chipped nail varnish, she had the audience at Ronnie Scott's eating out of her striding left hand. 'Here's a slow, old-fashioned blues, just close your eyes and be healed', she said, following it with a version of *Mac the Knife* so tortuously inventive that even Joseph Cooper might have failed to guess its origin.

Backstage, she was a bit weary until I mentioned the trouble I had with my left hand in *Honky-Tonk Train Blues*. Instantly alert, she made me play it on the dressing-table. 'Your hands is too small, baby, you can't play a tenth. Here's a way of getting over it', she enthused, scribbling down chords on my notebook in some clef that I still can't identify. 'I learned it all at my Mommy's knee, sitting on her lap at the age of 2½ while she played spirituals on the harmonium. I didn't meet my Daddy till 20 years ago.' She is now highly respected, not just as jazz pianist, but as composer, arranger and teacher at Duke University. 'Sure, I've done all that symphony stuff, but I don't like too much of it. I'm afraid of losing the blues if I study too hard. I'll go on playing till I drop dead.' I hope she comes back next year.

☐ The Glorious Twelfth is coming up. Ever mindful of reader interest, I did a quick cost analysis for the aspirant shot. Harry Lawrence, 78-year-old director of Purdey's, the eminent gun and rifle-makers, filled me in. 'It takes two and half years to make a decent pair of guns – all hand-made, cost you £15,000. They last for ever.' He doesn't mind who the guns go to, so long as they're properly fitted. 'Communist or Arab, I don't care. Her Majesty was gracious enough to award me an MBE recently in addition to my OBE.'

Given £15,000 on a pair of Purdeys, there is then the problem of what to shoot them at. Depending on the moor, and the weather earlier in the year (cold weather has a disastrous effect on fledgling prey) Strutt & Parker offer 'driven grouse' (with beaters, that is) at £1,500 a day for eight guns. 'Walking-up grouse', where you have to chase your own feathers, come cheaper at about half the price. 'Don't forget, and you obviously know nothing about grouse-shooting', Strutt & Parker said snootily, 'the cost of getting there; where you're going to stay, getting cooks for the shooting lodge, tipping the keepers. With cartridges, it can be very expensive. Clothes are not important. You dress for comfort. Everyone has tweeds, anyway.' I can't wait.

☐ Surely everyone knows that Yorkshire is a separate country, needing no devolution bill? The swearing of oaths in York on Tuesday, in Latin and Old English, struck me as a little excessive. Organised by the Yorkshire Ridings Association, miffed at postal redistribution, the ceremony was intended as 'a symbol of the county's determination to retain its 1,103-year-old identity'.

The *London Society of Yorkshiremen* is steering well clear of it. 'I suppose our highlight this year was when we entertained the Yorkshire County Cricket Club', said their secretary, Mr G. Prince. 'We have about 500 members, among them Lord Halifax, Lord Wade and Lord Milner of Leeds.' Harold Wilson of 'Uddersfield, was invited but did not turn up. 'We also have an educational trust for children who have been born in Yorkshire, or one of whose parents was born there. If there are widowed mothers, we try to help them to bring up their children in the manner to which they have been accustomed. What I like about Yorkshire people is that they're always ready to provoke a friendly argument.'

They certainly are. Freddie Truman, one of Yorkshire's exports, once shocked MCC members during an Indian Test series. 'Eah, Gunga Din', he bellowed over the banquet table, 'pass t'bloody salt'. Michael Parkinson, another professional Yorkshireman, is not nearly so rude, though born in Barnsley. His dedication is such that, living in Manchester some years ago, he drove his heavily pregnant wife on a mercy dash back to Yorkshire, so that the possible son could be born there and thus be eligible for Yorkshire County. Checking this story, I found that Parkinson was away. He was watching his second son playing cricket for the under-15s – for Berkshire.

Ruth Hall

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A travel firm is offering a 'no rain' guarantee on holidays to attract customers disillusioned by British weather. London-based John Hill Travel announced yesterday that visitors to Britain would be paid £10 for each day when it rained more than one millimetre – the amount of an average shower – in daylight hours. – *Guardian* (M. Walker)

☐ The Queen gave President Geisel a set of Charles Bentley sketches, a 1648 edition of the Natural History of Brazil, by Willem Piso and Charles Marcgraves, Senhora Geisel a gold and diamond brooch, and Miss Geisel an enamel carriage clock. In return she was presented with six toucans, two giant ant eaters, one sloth, one armadillo and two black necked swans. – *The Times* (Dr Constance Roberts)

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Not Quite a Gentleman

God is by no means, as is now clear, the only one to move in a mysterious way His alleged wonders to perform. The Post Office, in hot pursuit of the Almighty, has been at it again. It was not idly that I quoted (with a prudent addition, for where on earth are these wonders?) from William Cowper's Olney Hymns, for the hymn that tips us off about the Maker's mysterious movements goes on to announce that 'deep in unfathomable mines of never failing skill, He treasures up his bright designs and works His sovereign Will'. It is obviously the thought of having in another sense, bright designs of their own that has evidently triggered off the Post Office. Purchasing recently a book of 9p stamps in our cosy Appleton sub-post-office (garden implements also available, together with seed packets, weather forecasts, bone meal, conversation and a tempting range of chocs), what do I see reproduced on the back of the stamp book in a tasteful olive shade but what is described as a section of the Grand Union Canal at Stoke Bruerne, wherever that may be, and there, vividly before us, is a barge and lock gates and houses and some very watery water. 'First of six illustrations', it says, 'by Ronald Maddox on [*sic*] British canals'. No extra charge, apparently.

In mounting excitement, I pressed back to the counter and hurriedly purchased a 7p book and was not disappointed. Horse-shoeing this time in bluish-grey tones and 'the first of six illustrations by Eric Stamp on [*sic* again] country crafts'. Horse-shoeing is shown from two angles – inside the smithy with three sturdy fellows at work and the anvil taking a bashing, and then outside the smithy with, in the foreground, the blacksmith's large and sinewy hands fixing a shoe on a vast horse depicted rearways on, its huge hind-quarters rather reminiscent of the gifted oils of Sir Alfred Munnings and those endless rows of glossy bottoms. So now I've got No 1 of each series and, thrilling thought, can keep a sharp look-out for the rest and gradually accumulate a 'set' of each, with perhaps a swop or two (my Cousin Madge is sure to want to join in) and the whole thing taking one back to the collecting of those dear old-fashioned cigarette cards. First thing tomorrow (I write on a Sunday) I shall scoot full tilt up my lane and see if there's a fresh batch of stamp books in.

Though one is always delighted to hear of artists being commissioned anywhere to practise their art, could there, I wonder, be a sillier way for the Post Office to waste our money? Why is extra revenue (and a few more to add to those smug millions recently publicised) not being acquired by using this space, as of yore, for advertisements (I suggest some powerful Nerve Tonic that will help us to bear the delays and irritations that use of the stamps so often brings with it)? It is ungentlemanly of me, I suppose, to look a gift horse, shoed or not, in the mouth, or wherever, but then as it is our cash that has been frittered away on these really rather trifling illustrations, they hardly rank as a gift.

When it comes to gentlemanly behaviour, and although our editor recently referred to me, loyally and kindly, as a gentleman in some correspondence that developed in the (rather few) pages of the *Observer*, I have for some years now had some doubts on the subject and my own qualifications. Ever since a book called *Manners For Men* (date unstated, but around 1890 I should guess) came my way, I have seen myself increasingly as a blood brother of Mr Salteena. The very first thing that the book tells me to do is to put my boots outside my bedroom door at night, from where I can reclaim them, cleaned, in the morning. Alas, all that will happen here is that, summoned by imperious Dame Nature just as dawn (to name but one) comes up like thunder, I shall, bemused by sleep, trip over my boots, measure by length on the landing and break something. So much for boots.

And so much for a lot of other gentlemanly warnings that the book contains. Have I been carrying my walking-stick in the correct manner (angle of forty-five degrees, it advises, 'with the ferule uppermost and forward')? Frankly, no must be the answer. Then there is my hair. This, on rising, must be thoroughly soused in water and brushed and parted, after which 'the head is swathed with linen bands which are retained until the hair is dry'. This practice, they assure me, 'will produce the plastered appearance which is now recognised as good form'. I see. Here at 'Myrtlebank' on the few occasions in the year when I choose to present a plastered appearance to the world, it is achieved somewhat later in the day. Then there is 'the omnibus', full of traps. Have I been allowing all ladies to enter first, handing them in one by one? No I haven't. Clutching unknown ladies in a bus queue in, say, Sloane Street and handing them into a No 22, such a rare and delightful bus – the QE2 of the line – would get me into immediate trouble. I can just hear the magistrate's severe tones ('How came you to molest these good ladies in such a very offensive manner?').

The book plunges inexorably on. Never cheat at whist. Don't wear gloves at the dinner-table and keep the mouth closed 'during mastication'. Wear a heavy moustache, if you must, but in that case refuse all soups that might allow globules to form. When the oyster sauce comes round, on no account fish around in it for the tasty bivalve. Expel grape pips as unobtrusively as possible and at dinner-parties it is incorrect to wear thick brown walking-boots. At stately balls, a good way to encourage a shy lady on to the floor is to say cheerily 'May I have this barn-dance?' Then comes a real poser. Should one or should one not offer a 'strange lady' in the street an umbrella? 'Strange' here must mean, I fancy, a lady to whom one has not been introduced, not one with five eyes and webbed feet.

And now, after slogging away for years at all the advice and warnings mentioned above and feeling myself quite safe and gentlemanly and, in Appleton, reasonably well regarded, along comes Douglas Sutherland and his *The English Gentleman* (selling at £3.50 a time) to worry me all over again. Moreover, a splendidly authentic air is given to the whole enterprise by the fact that the publisher is none other than Debrett's Peerage Ltd. There now! Major Sutherland, Eton-educated I deduce and resident in what is plainly a draughty and therefore O.K. Scottish mini-castle, has convinced me that everything I do or have is either wrong or, so to speak, unobtainable. There are sections on Stalking and The Royal Garden Parties (together and, fittingly, in that order). There is one on 'In the Field', which I took to be about picnics, giving myself sadly away. My clothes, my club, my car – all, all are wrong.

There was, however, one little pleasing moment provided by the discovery of the address where Debrett's Peerage Ltd hangs out. Park Lane, I would have thought, or Grosvenor Square, possibly, or Eaton Place. Nothing of the sort. Mossop Street, S.W.3. Mossop has been for many years considered a suitable name for stage charladies, entering tipsily, duster in hand and awash with *double entendres* ('I 'aven't 'alf given your what-not a bang').

Roger Woddis

Clever Dick

Sir Richard Marsh will be voting Tory in the next election because the division between the very rich and the very poor 'died quietly in the war-time years'.

After the ebbing of the tide,
After the long, long night of pain,
His cobweb conscience having died,
Richard is quite himself again.

No more the stomach's aching void,
No more the days of dark disease;
The chronic sick and unemployed
Are merely tiresome oddities.

Upstairs the gentry do their pools,
Downstairs the servants belch and booze;
The ruling class no longer rules
But kneels to polish Hudson's shoes.

Where crocodiles have gentle jaws,
Where tigers prowl and jackals roam
With teeth of pearl and lacquered claws,
Sir Richard finds his natural home.

You cannot hope to bribe or twist
The chairman of the NPA,
But seeing he's a moralist,
He'll make his money anyway.

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Letters to the Editor

Inside Eritrea

Sir, May I congratulate you on publishing John Pilger's angry and compassionate article on Eritrea (NS 28 July) which will have given your readers insight into an heroic and tragic situation. In the past couple of weeks the war in Eritrea has intensified. One hundred thousand Ethiopean troops, backed up by billions of dollars worth of sophisticated weapons, have broken through in the western area (previously held by the Eritrean Liberation Front) causing widespread death and destruction. Thousands of refugees have fled over the border into Sudan, but many, trapped in the central areas of the south, are trekking across country to the territory held by the Eritrean People's Liberation Front (EPLF). Many are sick and wounded and have only the belongings they can carry. These refugees, whose numbers will ultimately swell to thousands, will have to be cared for by the desperately overstretched medical and social services, along with the existing displaced persons and over 6,000 Ethiopian prisoners of war.

This formidable task of caring for the victims of war has, as John Pilger rightly says, been carried out for many years with virtually no assistance from the outside. The bureaucratic attitude of the British Government has been adopted by many others including the UN humanitarian agencies. Britain at least persists in playing Pontius Pilate and refuses to allow even a test-tube to reach Eritrea at its expense. The £150,000 recently given to the ICRC was intended for the whole of the Horn of Africa, covering refugees situated in Sudan, Djibouti and Somalia as well as Eritrea. It was indeed a pitiful response to public concern.

War on Want has been sending medical supplies to the Eritreans since 1976. In November and December last year I visited Eritrea and was able to see the developments that John Pilger mentions. In particular, I was impressed by the humanity and efficiency of the medical personnel who are coping with the familiar Third World problems of disease and malnutrition as well as the casualties of war. Their problem is a chronic shortage of everything we take for granted – equipment, anaesthetics, medicines and even bandages. We are continuing to raise money to continue this supply and recently sent off a consignment to Eritrea.

I hope that your readers will feel able to respond to this tragic situation by sending us a donation in order to help us to increase our aid to Eritrea. At the same time I also hope that they will ask their MP's to try and persuade the British government to make a generous contribution to direct relief. May I say here that bureaucratic references to the need to receive a request from the Ethiopean Government before Britain can do so are completely incomprehensible in Eritrea, where they are seen as a recognition of Ethiopia's right to practice genocide.

MARY DINES
General Secretary

War on Want
467 Caledonian Road
London W7

Sir, Following John Pilger's vivid account of the present horrors in Eritrea may I mention that an Ethiopia Human Rights Committee has recently been formed in this country. It grew out of a meeting at the House of Commons in February sponsored by the All Party Committee on Human Rights and has as its Chairman, Joan Lestor MP. The members include parliamentarians from the three main parties.

The committee takes no stand on the issue whether Eritrea should be part of Ethiopia or not, believing this to be a matter for the people of the area. It has however deeply concerned at all reports of barbaric conduct by the Ethiopian Military Government, whether in Eritrea or Ethiopia. A recent report from Amnesty International shows that throughout the area the Government is resorting to the most brutal methods to impose its will, including torture and summary executions. It is time for the world to tell this government to stop.

RODNEY M. BENNETT
Ethiopia Human Rights Committee
c/o 112 Oxford Gardens
London W10

The Treasury model

Sir, Potentially of greatest significance to national productivity is Dr Jeremy Bray's disclosure (NS 14 July) that *control theory* is not yet installed in the Treasury's model. Despite 20 years of lip-service to cybernetics, applied probability theory in the soft-ware programming of powerful computers, the same is largely true of management practice in the industrial and commercial corporates themselves.

Apply the appropriate analytical techniques to the financial time-series published in their annual reports to their shareholders and it is revealed thereby that considerable amounts of potential profitability – amounts usually exceeding inflation ratios – have been dissipated in a seemingly *random* (i.e., otherwise unaccountable) way. In fact, however, much of this apparently random dissipation of profitability derives from continued dependence at top planning level upon so-called *budgetary control*. Budgetary control is not a control technique at all. At best it is no more than informed empirical target-setting periodically reviewed and modified to redress the worst cost consequences of uncontrolled guess-work.

HARRY HOWELL

30 Cloisters Road
Letchworth, Herts.

Ordinary civility

Sir, Ruth Hall really should have been above the jeering racism of her paragraph about Arabs in last week's 'London Diary'. ('Foreigners, happily flogging people for distilling illicit alcohol, are still not used to Western refinements like actually paying for goods . . .') Ordinary civility and the Race Relations Act would have restrained her from writing the same sentence about, say, Jews, West Indians or Pakistanis; but Arabs are currently in season, and journalists like Ms Hall evidently feel free to throw all their conventional ethics to the wind when writing about citizens of any Middle Eastern country except Israel.

Her account of the 'Yorkshire woman' (note the use of the county name as a guarantee of the true indigene) who got into a barney with 'an Arab shopper' at Harrods' sale was typical of the automatic contempt and dislike which every Arab visitor to London now has to endure. Racist rhetoric is apparently okay, so long as it is applied to people whom we believe (however mistakenly) to be richer than ourselves. That is exactly the way in which Jews were written about in the 1920s and 30s; and it is the way in which 'Arabs' – never mind the nationality – are written about now. The Arabs I meet in London (and most of them can't afford to go buying bolts of cloth at Harrods, even in the sales) are frightened of being ripped-off, attacked and cold-shouldered simply because they are Arabs; and how does an impoverished Jordanian journalist, for instance, explain to someone like Ms Hall that he is not a Saudi millionaire? (As for the impoverished Saudi journalist, his case simply doesn't bear presenting.) Distortions of the language, like Ms Hall's objectionable little paragraph, give these people a good reason for their fears.

JONATHAN RABAN

80 Redcliffe Square
London SW10

The Hitler hoax

Sir, I am writing to you in connection with remarks that Gitta Sereny made (NS 19 May) concerning my book *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. I regret that the distance that separates us sometimes brings delays in my reactions.

The thesis of my book was fairly summarised – there was no Nazi extermination programme and perhaps 'a few hundred thousand (Jews) died as others did, because of the war.' I would have added that it is not denied that the Jews were singled out for persecution by the Nazis, and that many of the deaths among them were at least partially the consequence of the measures the Nazis took against them.

I do however object strongly to characterising my book as 'neo-Nazi' and 'obviously emotive'. It is neither, as any reader would immediately see. I also take exception to the whole context in which the book is treated, i.e. as part of some sort of 'Hitlerwave'. The book and its thesis do not magnify or glorify Hitler. To say that his government did not have an extermination programme is to say not much more than that Hitler shared at least one thing with such diverse characters as Richard Nixon, George Washington, Attila the Hun, Frederick the Great, Caligula and James Callaghan. What is so 'odious' about this thesis?

ARTHUR R. BUTZ

2214 Central Street
Evanston
Illinois

Exploiting F. R. Leavis

Sir, I have just learnt that an advertisement appeared in the NEW STATESMAN on July 7th announcing that 'a biography of F. R. Leavis' is being prepared by a film unit, and requesting material to be supplied for the purpose. In case any of the late Dr F. R. Leavis's pupils and friends do so under the impression given by this advertisement that such an enterprise is authorised, allow me to make it known to your readers that the opposite is the case – on being informed by the BBC/TV 'Presentations Dept.' that their Book Programme group are making a film of the life and work of my husband and demanding my co-operation, I at once wrote to say that I, our children and literary executors were totally opposed to any such project.

Nevertheless the Assistant Head of the Presentations Dept. replied that they would persist, the defence being made that as Leavis was a famous man, people are interested in knowing about his life; to which I answered that anyone who is interested can read his works, which contain all they need to know and all they are entitled to know, that as his life and work were almost entirely academic and intellectual they cannot be made into a film without falsification, travesty and caricature. I hope no one will supply tapes, films, photos, letters or interviews.

Q. D. LEAVIS

12 Bulstrode Gardens
Cambridge

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Craig Raine

The Age of Austerity

Selected Poems 1951-1974 by CHARLES TOMLINSON *Oxford* £4.95 and £2.75
The Shaft by CHARLES TOMLINSON *Oxford* £2.50
A Change of Affairs by MICHAEL SCHMIDT *Anvil* £2.25
Paradise Illustrated by D. J. ENRIGHT *Chatto* £2.50

With his thesis on F. H. Bradley behind him and *Four Quartets* some way ahead, T. S. Eliot was sceptical about the place of philosophy in poetry. 'We have the same respect for Blake's philosophy,' he wrote in 1920, 'that we have for an ingenious piece of home-made furniture.' And even Dante's shop-bought Thomist philosophy strikes him as an irrelevant bonus – a kind of magnificent desk, a miniature Arc de Triomphe on which Dante could rest with confidence while he got on with the business of writing poetry. Nor is Eliot alone. Arnold, for instance, deplored the tendency of Wordsworth's early admirers to recommend the metaphysical lumber in the poet's attic. Earlier still, Coleridge regretted, rightly or wrongly, filling his pleasure dome with Kantian sideboards and second-hand dressers from Herr Schelling.

Of the modernists, only Wallace Stevens has come out in favour of the poetic possibilities of philosophy, and even he has many reservations. In his essay 'A Collect of Philosophy', he argues that 'it is often the case that concepts of philosophy are poetic', yet rejects Leibniz's theory of monads, Lucretius and the relevant bits of Milton, Pope and Wordsworth. He is, in fact, only interested in those lofty philosophical ideas which ignite the imagination – that is, when philosophers are more like poets than philosophers, however much their aims might ultimately diverge. Stevens isn't interested in a set of six dining room chairs or a three piece suite – only in the odd sublime sofa richly brocaded with metaphor. His selectivity, though, didn't preempt criticism. Randall Jarrell, echoing Valéry's complaint that 'poetry is a bad medium for philosophy', once described the later work of Stevens, over-boldly in my view, as 'G. E. Moore at the spinet'.

Clearly, there are problems. In Charles Tomlinson's poetry, nature has always been a mental event, not so much evoked as philosophically annotated. It is Wittgenstein at the triangle, or 13 ways of looking at a blackboard. Admirers find it uncompromisingly austere. Detractors find it pedantic. Peering scrupulously at phenomena over a pair of depressed clericals, as it were, Tomlinson describes the dialectic between their flux and the orderly cast of the perceiving intelligence:

> One sees. But not merely the passive mirrorings of the retinal mosaic – nor, like Ruskin's blind man suddenly struck by vision, without memory or conception. The senses, reminded by other seeings, bring to bear on the act of vision their pattern of images; they give point and place to an otherwise naked and homeless impression. It is the mind sees.

Against the mind's categorising imperative, though, phenomena assert their own irreducible reality: bird skulls, for instance, 'resist the eyes' imaginings with the blade of a beak which no lyrical admiration can attenuate to frailty'.

In other words, thesis and antithesis are locked in an endless Hegelian embrace, where nature and the mind take turns for who's on top in the missionary position. It's a dry, joyless business even when, as often, Tomlinson's subject is the appropriately protean one of water:

> There is a geometry of water, for this
> Squares off the clouds' redundances
> And sets them floating in a nether atmosphere
> All angles and elongations . . .

Other favourite subjects for Tomlinson are wind, light and clouds – all of them suitably unstable phenomena. But, like Monet at Etretat, Tomlinson (himself a painter) constantly returns to water. With this difference: it is water, water everywhere, and every drop to think:

> Its strength is here: it must
> Account for its opposite and yet remain
> Itself, of its own power get there.
> Water is like logic . . .

You might expect a painter to be more interested in rendering visual effects and less in analysing them like the worst kind of art critic: 'A whitish smoke/in drifting diagonals/accents, divides/the predominance of street/and chimney lines,/where all is either/mathematically supine/or vertical, except/the pyramids of slag.' Such a painstaking passage reminds one of George Moore's comment that Kipling tracked down the details of a sunset like a detective in a divorce case – except that here you wouldn't convict. First he sees it, then you don't.

The Shaft, Tomlinson's new volume, pursues nature as before through various *trompe l'oeil* effects and temporary perfections. In addition, however, it opens with a number of poems on historical subjects, including Charlotte Corday's assassination of Marat, an event which, in consecutive poems, he presents from both points of view – the stabber and the stabbed, thesis and antithesis. In an earlier volume, he wrote around the murder of Trotsky where, improbably, the assassin was more perturbed by the 'whispered roar' of falling papers and his heightened perception of ordinary objects than by the task in hand. Here, too, at the crucial moment, there is a failure of language and imagination:

> She struck him from above. One thrust. Her
> whole
> Intent and innocence directing it
> To breach through flesh and enter where it must,
> It seemed a blow that rose up from within:
> Tinville reduced it all to expertise . . .

In fact, Tomlinson is more interested in the ironies of history than in the actual murder, more touched that she should have gone to the guillotine believing she had stopped the Terror. But it's difficult to respond to this pathos when the murder itself is disposed of so feebly. There is nothing concrete in the poem and certainly nothing to rival Browning's brilliantly prurient imagination in *The Ring and the Book*, where the bystanders deduce the type of weapon from the shape of the wounds inflicted:

> Triangular i' the blade, a Genoese,
> Armed with those little hook-teeth . . .

Curiously, another historical murder produces the best moment in Michael Schmidt's otherwise disappointing fourth collection. Sisera recollects his fatal encounter with Jael, including the moment before the hammer blow when, he remembers, the spike 'pricked' his brow. It is a superbly imagined moment of accuracy and understatement. If *A Change of Affairs* had more comparable insights, one might think that Schmidt's newly adopted stance of austerity was justified. As it is, one remembers his earlier work, *Bedlam and the Oakwood* and *Desert of the Lions*, with regret – even if those books were themselves nostalgic for, respectively, the Lowell of *Notebook* and Elizabeth Bishop.

A Change of Affairs opens with an allegorical poem, ostensibly about Noah. The diction is deliberately undistinguished, as if it had been written to be translated easily, and the lines drift uncomfortably in and out of iambic metre. Noah gets his instructions from God in a dream but he is reluctant to start work on the ark because he's fond of the earth and doesn't want to see it inundated. He knows that, although God is the final cause, he is the necessary efficient cause of the flood. Shem can only see the situation in terms of family aggrandisement: 'The earth will all be ours, though,' he clumsily ruminates. Japheth wants to build the ark so he can have 40 days of idleness and a lazy life thereafter. Ham is a craftsman, uninterested in the moral issues. Straight away, he starts pricing wood. Noah's final word in the poem is 'I don't believe the dream was meant for me'.

The trouble with this kind of poem is that it offers so few stylistic rewards that one must judge it by the quality of its moral perceptions and the neatness of its allegory. The moral is surely rather obvious, not to say banal: the ark was built, therefore evil took place, as it always does, not by a conscious choice of one wicked person, but because it is easier to give way to the desires of others than maintain a position of isolated virtue. As for allegorical neatness, isn't God a bit of a loose end? Since He is, by definition, good, isn't it odd to cast Him as the villain upstairs?

D. J. Enright's jokey *Paradise Illustrated* updates Genesis so thoroughly that this question doesn't arise. The moral perceptions offered aren't serious enough to make one worry about the finer points of theology. In fact, most of the best jokes come from God's rueful omniscience and his colloquial delivery while Adam and Eve bicker, screw and betray like an average pair of human beings. It's light, witty stuff with one or two horrendous *Round the Horne* puns, as when they eat the apple and start to feel randy:

> 'Hey, you never did that before!'
> 'It must be what they mean by sex-apple.'

If you like it, you like it. I don't mind it.

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Paul Johnson

Constant Repair

The Gladstone Diaries: Vols V & VI, 1855-1868
edited by H. C. G. Matthew *Oxford* £40

Volumes V and VI of the Gladstone Diaries carry the story of his life and career from the last phase of the Aberdeen coalition and its Palmerstonian successor, from which Gladstone quickly resigned, to the beginning of his first experience as Prime Minister. They include a longish spell out of office, during which he composed and published his *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age,* in three volumes, and, not least, his visit to the Ionian Isles (then administered by Britain) as High Commissioner, about which he left a very full and interesting account. And, of course, they are dominated by his great period as Chancellor of the Exchequer, during which he established most of the principles on which the control of British public finance was based, until the system broke down in our own times.

For those not already familiar with the diaries, it must be emphasised that they are working memoranda. They were not written for Gladstone's entertainment, still less our own. Literary grace is almost totally absent; in any event, Gladstone possessed it only in limited quantities, though he had all the charm and power of the rhetorician. He had once, like most gifted public schoolboys of his times, written poetry. In July 1858 he records: 'Reviewing some part of my own verses: here & there amending. On the whole I find them better than I had supposed. But that fountain is stopped.' Occasionally, in these volumes, a lengthy aide-memoire is inserted, giving in considerable detail political proceedings before, during and after a crucial cabinet meeting. Those which describe the break-up of the Aberdeen government under the stress of the Crimean War, and Palmerston's early fumblings, are of great fascination. But these are rare treats. Most entries are of half-a-dozen lines or less, and record merely Gladstone's movements, whom he saw in the course of the day, the letters he wrote (and to whom), and the books he read.

His life was extraordinarily industrious. He travelled a great deal, in what was still the early railway age, and many a small hour found him waiting for connections at obscure provincial junctions. It was not unusual, even on holiday, for him to open and answer more than 40 letters in the morning. The range of his correspondence and his acquaintance was prodigious. Gladstone believed in Dr Johnson's maxim that 'friendship should be kept in constant repair'. Nothing, however, was allowed to divert his attention from business, whether in the Commons or the Treasury. Subordinates who fell below his own standards of assiduity were sternly rebuked. (On the other hand, he readily overlooked moral lapses, as when his secretary, Frank Lawley, was caught gambling with the funds: Gladstone not only forgave him but subsequently re-employed him on confidential business.)

The balance in Gladstone's life was preserved by superb health, the richness of his family life and friendships, and perhaps most of all by his reading, which covered the widest possible field, from potent theological tomes to mild pornography. A particular favourite was Tennyson: 'Read Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson,' he records. He had 'gripped me in a strong hand'. The breadth of this reading, often conducted late at night after a hard day, helps to explain Gladstone's interest in a multiplicity of details. His editor, Dr Matthew, records that he has some claim to be called the first psephologist, since in 1857 'he calculated the median percentage swing for five polling stations in the Flintshire and Flint borough constituencies in the general election'. It was, perhaps, this insatiable curiosity about the details of public life in all its forms which made him such a masterful Chancellor. Yet he was not a superman; like anyone else, he could feel, and resent, the strains:

> From morning to night, all my life is pressure, pressure to get on, to dispatch the thing I have in hand, that I may go to the next, urgently waiting for me. Not for years past have I written except in haste a letter to my wife. As for my children, they rarely get any.

It was, perhaps, characteristic of Gladstone that this passage, by no means written in haste, one imagines, was addressed to Mrs Thistlethwayte, a demi-mondaine whom he had met riding in Rotten Row. She was a mixture of religiosity, self-absorption and impudence, but she supplied a need in Gladstone's life: the urge to touch pitch without being defiled, to get close to the flame without actually being singed. He addressed her as 'Dear Spirit' and wore a ring engraved 'L' (after 'Laura'). What makes Gladstone a more interesting man than Disraeli, at any rate as a womaniser, is that he felt an overpowering need to explain his contacts with women – even when they came close to impurity – in moral terms: 'To be prized by women in general', he wrote to Laura, 'is in my opinion a great glory, because of their gift of judging character: but it is a glory I cannot claim and do not deserve.'

Or again, when, as Prime Minister, he pushed his relationship with Laura to the point where she confided her intimate thoughts to him, he insists that he must

> remember as a sacred trust what is for your peace and weal. If in speaking thus I seem mysterious and strange it is because I am so. My life is a battle between inclination and duty. Inclination calls me to repose, duty leads me into conflict: I have high aspirations and mean tendencies. But a voice above the din orders me to study your peace and your weal.

There is in this passage an almost perfect epitome, or microcosm, of Gladstone's moral character: that is, a preponderance of high seriousness, a passionate desire to tell the truth, and a small dollop of humbug, represented by 'the voice above the din'. Hence I disagree with Dr Matthew's view that Gladstone's letters to Laura 'did not show him at his best'. In general, however, Dr Matthew is an exemplarary editor. His innumerable footnotes explain virtually all the teeming obscurities in the text; and his long introduction is full of good sense and sometimes displays profound insight into Gladstone's work and mind. I am glad he devoted some space to describing Gladstone's relaxations and social life. At this stage in his career he was not yet shunned by large sections of the old nobility, and we find him visiting many of the greatest country houses: Chiswick, Cliveden, Trentham, Dunrobin, Inveraray, Strawbery Hill, Chatsworth, Mentmore, Woburn, Eaton Hall, Blenheim, Hatfield and so on – houses then in their full amplitude and glory. But with Gladstone as a guest, the moral tone tended to be notched up a point or two. Thus on 4 May 1862 he records: 'Off with the [Duke and Duchess of Argyll] and others to Cliveden. Conversation with Argyll on Future Punishment. We had a delightful evening.'

Among this week's contributors:

G. R. ELTON is Professor of English Constitutional History at the University of Cambridge. His most recent book is *Reform and Reformation: England 1508-1558* (Arnold).

BARBARA PYM
THE SWEET DOVE DIED
'Her characters are specimens in a lepidopterist's cabinet: some rare and exotic, some dim and dowdy, but all meticulously impaled on the delicate pins of a wit that is as scrupulous as it is deadly'
Anthony Thwaite, Observer
MACMILLAN LONDON £4.95

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G. R. Elton

Halfway House

Stuart England by J. P. KENYON *Allen Lane* £6.50

The 17th century has some claim to being the most exciting and crucial in English history. It saw off kingship by right divine and witnessed the beginnings of parliamentary politics. It created the conditions for England's conquest of the world's commerce and opened the era of her imperial expansion. It terminated the ancient intellectual dominance of established religion, initiated the forward march of natural science, and began a transformation in the study of the past. A century of revolution, as Christopher Hill has called it; and even after a cooler look has much diminished its revolutionary effect – by discovering that much of that turmoil changed little in the lives and minds of men – enough is left to give to the age some very notable achievements in altering the face of England and engraving upon it lines that, until quite recently, remained familiar. Above all, it is the first age in which we can get to know a lot of people quite intimately.

It is therefore surprising that there really is no single good account of the century which one can put confidently into the hands of the beginner, with the old injunction to start there. Far too many teachers still use Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts*, a work which, having outlived the biblical life-span, now sits as a ghost at the feast of better knowledge. What is it that has prevented the many scholars who busy themselves with the 17th century from seizing hold of it in accounts that both work and stand up? Until recently, agreement on what happened was essentially so general that the very familiarity of the story stood in the way of its being written again. That story told of the triumph of liberty over despotism – the whig legend fastened upon the age by the victors of its political strife. There have, of course, been many attempts to deepen or vary the old tale, as for instance by those resolved to discover a class war that seemed most reluctant to emerge from the facts, or those who have come to regard Samuel Hartlib as more important than Charles I. But the political backbone of events remained unquestioned: here was 'the rise of parliament', meaning the House of Commons, by steady stages and through two revolutions. As Professor Kenyon points out in this latest attempt to give us a one-volume history of the century, that ancient consensus is effectively gone. In particular, we now know that the story of parliament down to 1640 was not a bit like the orthodoxy of the books, but since so far we have not got the new understanding into a real perspective, the task of the synthesiser has become even harder. Where once he might bore by telling the old tale, he now faces the danger of bewildering with half-digested new interpretations.

Professor Kenyon was thus brave to tackle the task at this half-way stage, though he was right to think that the better understanding of the century's second half is ripe for communication to the generality. His book has many merits. It is written with verve and carries one along. It provides many memorable sketches of people and events; his shrewd assessments of the monarchs, for instance, often at variance with received caricatures, stay in the memory. His scepticism in the face of that chimera, puritanism, and his clear-headed appraisals of political ambition and action will do a lot of good. His most notable contribution consists in switching the balance of emphasis from the pre-civil-war era to the years after 1685: three tenths of the age get four tenths of the space. This, of course, is the period of history to which Professor Kenyon has devoted his own researches; he clearly feels that it has not in general received its due, and he is right. Thus his very particular account of the reigns of James II, William and Mary, and Anne at last integrates the results of much recent labour in the story and makes possible a better start on the Hanoverian age. It has to be admitted that this shift leads to some imbalance: the detailed pages on the negotiations of 1688-89 contrast rather bafflingly with the almost cursory way in which the Long Parliament is led down the road to war, and the forgettable names of ambassadors and agents intrude disconcertingly in a book which finds no room for John Strype or Matthew Hale.

In his handling of early Stuart politics, Professor Kenyon has not altogether succeeded in escaping the difficulties caused by the breaking of an old mould whose destruction he himself notes. Bits and pieces of superannuated history creep in and throw us back to views no longer tenable: we still find the words of the 1604 Apology cited to prove something about the temper of an entity called the House of Commons; the king's role in the debates of 1621 is described in terms now known to be incorrect; and Sir Edward Coke's political career is left unexplained because his quarrel with Buckingham is ignored. The account of those political upheavals remains marred by the supposition that politics were already to be mainly studied in parliament, whereas in fact they still belonged to the court, to whose inner history parliamentary meetings were little more than adjuncts. Thus the character of those early-Stuart parliaments – apparently so political, in fact so totally ineffective even in their old role as providers of remedies for general or individual concerns – remains obscure and misdescribed.

Still, so far as the political history of the 17th century is concerned – more particularly of the years 1660-1714 – this is a solid, well realised, usually interesting account. But are politics the whole of 'Stuart England'? A very compressed chapter uninspiringly entitled 'Artistic and Literary Trends' offers some very attractive and sensible snap-judgments, as well as touches of the catalogue; but social and economic problems just slip in here and there, to set a stage for the politics of parliament and party, without really bringing out the interaction of interest and affairs. The best chapter in the book is the first, which lays out some important lines of investigation and promises a really novel treatment, less tied to the traditions of parliamentary history than the book turns out to be. Those traditions unfortunately include the practice of virtually leaving out the law-making activities of the legislature, from which much might be learned about the non-political concerns of the age; and recent interests in the law or in crime have left no impression on this book. *Stuart England* marks a striking and most welcome improvement on its predecessor in the Pelican History of England; but it is still not quite the introductory study that the 1970s should be handing on to the 1980s.

Marina Warner

Big Bamboo

The Death of Woman Wang: Rural Life in China in the Seventeenth Century by JONATHAN D. SPENCE *Weidenfeld* £6.95

Towards the end of his study of T'an-ch'eng, a poverty-stricken county in rural Shantung, Jonathan Spence enters the mind of Woman Wang on the last night of her life, as she lies dreaming on a new sleeping mat in red-soled cotton bed-shoes. She becomes seductive; she is beautiful; there is a sick man whom she cures, by magic arts, of a tumour; she drifts up into the clouds like a swallow. But the transitions from one sensuous oriental image to another grow more sinister, and finally she is thrashing about with her mouth full of earth. For Woman Wang was strangled by her husband, and Spence has chosen to express through the medium of her dream the small and unimportant tragedy of an obscure villager's life. The passage is of rare poetic intensity, and places *The Death of Woman Wang* outside all the categories to which it is otherwise kin – academic demography, agricultural history, literary criticism, or political reconstruction. It belongs in a genre of its own, gracefully spurning the prohibition that in historical writing the workings of the imagination have no place, or at least must be made to seem irrelevant to the business of establishing fact.

Spence, Professor of History at Yale, possesses that concern with atmosphere, intuition for character and love of story-telling which, since the time of the great subjective historians like Carlyle and Michelet, has fallen out of favour, and been considered the preserve of novelists. The dream of Woman Wang is a montage of phrases taken from a short story writer, P'u Sung-ling, who came from near T'an-ch'eng and passed through in 1670 and 1671. Spence's use of P'u's writings as immediate documentation of the psychology and beliefs of the country people among whom he lived is very bold; but then Spence has already proved himself to be one of the few Sinologists whose struggle to master the alien culture and its abstruse language had not laid low his creative faculties. With his last book, *Emperor of China*, he wrote K'ang-hsi's biography in the form of the despot's first person meditations.

By inclination, Spence belongs to the Annales school, and his T'an-ch'eng is a kind of Montaillou, though it was not even distinguished by heterodoxy:

> T'an-ch'eng was not famous for anything; it produced no eminent men in the 17th century, the data on economic and social conditions is scant, and though disasters struck repeatedly, the people themselves did not rebel.

Yet he has summoned forth an extraordinary

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picture from this ultra-ordinary locale, by using three main sources: a local history written by Feng K'o-ts'an, who lived in penury after being dismissed from office for incompetence; the scrupulous if themselves imaginative accounts of a magistrate named Huang Liu-hung; and, of course, the stories of P'u Sung-ling, never previously translated with the telling economy of Spence.

The community that emerges is harassed by famine, locusts, brigandry, snow falls, poor soil and a bewildering variety of overlapping taxes; but Spence rises above a predictable story of agricultural misery to penetrate into the psychic and moral tensions that made thuggery, cheating, torture, extortion and banditry the survival techniques of simple people. For T'an-ch'eng is a place where a man, after strangling his wife, drags her body out into the snow, abandons it, and then goes back to sleep where she has lain and where, in her struggle, she has defecated, so that when the magistrate calls to investigate the next day, he finds the human excrement still there, drying beside the bed; a place where a notorious and all-powerful robber, with the effrontery of a Chicago boss, goes to the police to stand surety for a man falsely charged with a murder he himself has committed and which the whole community knows him to have committed; where the obligations of tradition are felt so strongly by a 13-year-old girl that she hangs herself rather than repudiate the man to whom she was engaged for another – this, even though her fiancé has forsworn her by castrating himself out of shame after an affair with his sister-in-law.

In this human struggle, the great enemy is not weather, not taxes, but the law's inadequacy. The Chinese legal code brought out the full native genius for nicety in classification: tearing out more than an inch of hair carried a penalty of 50 blows with the big bamboo, throwing ordure at someone's head 80 blows, stuffing it in someone's mouth, 100. But even the detail of Chinese provisions could not meet every twist and turn of human cunning, and Spence is particularly good when he describes how a law could damage the very people it aimed to protect.

In order to encourage chastity among widows, the law stated that a husband's property should remain his wife's as long as she did not remarry. The effect, as Spence illustrates from the tragedy of Woman P'eng and her son Ch'en Lien, was that relatives tried to force a widow to remarry in order to seize her goods. P'eng refused to take another husband; her son was clubbed to death in his schoolroom by his cousins so that he should not inherit.

The moral of Spence's microcosm of life in pre-modern China – and *The Death of Woman Wang*, with its seriousness and compassion, is a moral work – is that the individual's will was his or her only resource, the only thread out of the pit where meagre circumstances were compounded by intolerable duties and conventions. His heroine is not Woman Wang who was strangled, or the Goddess of Flowers who summoned P'u to heaven to draft her a letter; or the woman who made love with one passer-by and then another, and whose flesh was 'glossy as lard'; but the young widow Hsi-liu, who followed the inner promptings of her intelligence and defied all, in order to bring up as she thought fit, with subterfuge and cruelty and foresight and passion, her two sons in a world which was even less kind to widows than it was to wives.

James Fenton

Which Café Had Paul Verlaine?

Café Society by STEVE BRADSHAW *Weidenfeld* £6.95

The Oxford University Press makes a distinction between its various imprints. I suggest that Weidenfeld start a similar scheme, with the following classifications: books they believe in, pretentious rubbish they hope to get away with, and products they ought to recognise as utter crap. This book is utter crap, but it is not offensive crap. The author himself warns us that he has 'tried to let the stories speak for themselves without dampening the book by too much intellectual comment'. Quite right too, if one judges from some of the 'intellectual comments' that have managed to creep in. I do not object to the fact that Steve Bradshaw is a completely incompetent author. But I do most strongly object to the fact that Weidenfeld have not bothered to tidy up just a few of his mistakes. The following, then, is not a review of the book. It is a review of Weidenfeld.

The best editor in the world could not have made this book shine. But anyone loyal to the reputation of his publishing house should have put a blue pencil through the following sentence:

> After the failure of the revolution of 1848, the socialist movement in France collapsed, finance capital and the credit system prospered, Paris was virtually rebuilt by Haussman, the boulevards glittered with department stores and smart cafés, architects imitated baroque mansions and Roman palaces, painting became decoration, operettas displaced serious music, literature was read only for light entertainment, and art that posterity would enjoy was appreciated by the few and financed by almost no one.

Reviewers often complain that a book reads like a re-hashed Ph.D. thesis. Rarely does one find a book so obviously concocted from somebody else's A-level essays. But this is typical of the Bradshavian style.

> Most Bohemians had not taken any conscious decision to opt out of *bourgeois* society. They simply did not have enough money. Some hoped they would be able to eat at Tortoni's and wear their own clothes. Others helped plot the revolution of 1848.

This nervous jumping from the general to the particular gives the work a bewildering quality. The author himself is obviously bewildered. He does not know – this is a recurrent problem, over which an editor might have offered some advice – whether to explain who his characters are. For instance, if we need to be introduced to 'the famous art critic John Ruskin', or 'the serious if shy young painter Claude Monet', or 'the famous realist painter Gustave Courbet', then we should certainly be told something about the Abbé Terrasson, or Antoine Rivarol, or Joannis Cuigard. The famous realist painter Gustave Courbet, by the way, was 'a jovial and burly painter in his mid-twenties who looked like Falstaff if he had happened to be carved on an Assyrian bas-relief'. If Falstaff had? Or if Courbet had? This description is impossible to construe.

An editor might also have offered some help with the use of the words 'and' and 'or'. Mr Bradshaw is strong on 'or' at the beginning of a sentence: 'Or there was the opportunity to study broken and drifting masses of colour by the reflection of objects in water.' He is less happy with the word later on:

> or they might talk about the World's Fair, the fashion for Japanese prints, or trade the names of collectors, even money, plan revenge on their critics with Zola, or argue about the future of painting with Nadar, who had taken up photography.

This effect, achieved from the wrong placing of conjunctions and the clumsiness of sentence construction, might be called the Bradshavian Jerk: 'Once a week they would play cards, chess, or simply talk.' Oh, they played talk, did they?

The Jerk has ways of operating from sentence to sentence: 'Every writer had his favourite café. Every café had its favourite writer. And, of course, Paul Verlaine.' What does this mean? Every café had Paul Verlaine? Or Paul Verlaine also, of course, had his favourite writer? On the same page, incidentally, an editor might have spotted that in the course of one paragraph Verlaine is referred to as a fallen angel, and as a fallen archangel. But the Weidenfeld editor appears

Labour and the Left in the 1930s

BEN PIMLOTT

'. . . a masterly work as history, amazingly thorough in its research, revealing from pirate papers and hidden records much that has been unknown.' Fenner Brockway in *Labour Weekly.*

'. . . excellent . . . a fresh and valuable contribution to Labour Party history, tightly organised and stimulatingly argued.'

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to have a peculiarly thick skin. He allows Van Gogh to say of Gauguin's portrait of him: 'It is certainly I, but I gone mad.' In the Café Royal, he accepts that 'Others would be writing with the Café paper and pens'. He seems to believe that, because of Wilde, 'Art became known as a condition of the soul which prompted young men to walk down Regent Street with a distant gaze and a sunflower in their hands'. (One can see that it was a good idea to change Piccadilly and the lily, but it was a bit much to allow the young men to walk with a distant gaze in their hands.) The Weidenfeld editor allows lithographers to bring their copperplates into the Café Momus. He allows the suicide of the young German painter Wiegels to be found hanging in his studio. In the Coupole, 'Lobsters, prawns, crayfish and sea-urchins swam in tanks of water.' One wonders how sea-urchins are supposed to swim. Breast-stroke?

All these, and many more mistakes of style and syntax, could have been removed by Weidenfeld. They could not have made the book anything other than bad. But they could have made it less rivetingly bad. For instance, they could have warned Steve Bradshaw against repeating (twice) Hemingway's mistaken notion that Charles Baudelaire led a lobster on a leash through the Latin Quarter. It was not Baudelaire. It was Gerard de Nerval. It was not a leash. It was a ribbon. The fact that the author gets this wrong shows that he cannot have read very deeply into his own perfectly sweet bibliography. The fact that Weidenfeld let it through seems to indicate that they have dispensed with the services of readers and editors. Perhaps they should give up dealing in books altogether, and turn to more profitable lines such as pocket calculators, novelties and fancy goods.

Donald MacRae

On Top

Separate Spheres: the Opposition to Women's Suffrage in Britain 1867-1928 by BRIAN HARRISON *Croom Helm* £9.95

In human beings the biological differences of the sexes are fairly straightforwardly obvious to sight, sound, smell and touch. An extra-terrestrial observer might on first encounter take some male and female birds or fish, or even a few mammals, as belonging to different species. But our extra-terrestrial would have to be very stupid to fall into such error about us; though he might most reasonably wonder whether our sexual differences affected our capacities and abilities for the dangerous, necessary business of social life. I doubt, however, if a sexual division in political competence would come early or high on a visitor's sociological check-list. The burden of casting a vote, for example, involves few physical differentia: deep political debate in the pubs of my constituency (North Islington) is not, whether the affairs of Britain or – more likely – Skibereen are at issue, too taxing for the exhausted building worker (male) or the exhausted (wisely wounded) craftsperson making tobacco pipes. Opposition to women's place in the polity has been since – at least – the Neolithic revolution, a form of oppression. In the British state, the breaking crest of that long wave was the National League for Opposing Woman Suffrage, to which so many able women and so many Balliol graduates devoted time which would have been better spent in sloth, vice, or charity.

Brian Harrison has written a learned, often entertaining book on his negative but important topic. I wish he had been more daring. He sticks very close to London and the London-Oxford axis. The popular rabbling of suffragists (non-militant) and suffragettes (militant) in so many market towns and, I suspect, so few industrial cities, is mentioned but not explored. I believe it more important than so much pother about that very hollow Balliol man, George Nathaniel Curzon – after all, did Curzon ever seriously influence even one major parliamentary vote?

But where Brian Harrison misses out is with the real challenge of our time to historians and social scientists. He pays, like so many historians, an obeisance to anthropologists: he does not know that the ideas of anthropologists come – as the greatest English anthropologist, Radcliffe-Brown, always knew – from sociologists. He neglects the worries of Spencer, Durkheim, Mauss, about how this world is made by the social life of humankind, about the categories by which reality is mapped – time, place, cause, gender. The French call this the study of *mentalités* when they are being historical. Harrison is a historian, he is concerned with the opposition – *semblable et frère* to suffragism as Eliot might have paraphrased it – to a central change in affairs and perceptions, to political testing of the category of gender. He, by learning and intelligence, could clearly explicate it. His cunning choice of subject shows that he is aware of it. However, for some reason, he chooses to ignore it.

Yet look at the jacket of his nice book. In Dundee, funereal city, Olive Wharton has been arrested and is being marched off by two police constables. The photograph is full frontal. The actors, male and female, are different from us: they carry their year, 1914, like a banner. They carry their bodies, their roles, their sex in a way utterly strange to 1978. This photograph tells us more and puzzles us more than his text. To be against woman's suffrage was to conceive the universe in a way we do not know. It is a task of the historian to explain this difference. We cannot know the flux of time in which the sexes swim without knowing the *whence* or guessing the *whither.* Harrison documents both slightly. His book's subject is a triumph of wit. His performance is scholarly – though its one sociogram shows nothing which those of us who know that hierarchies are hierarchical did not already comprehend – but it does suggest some failure of nerve.

If you want a chronicle of a failure and an insight into the world that ended in 1928, this is it. If you want to know how we changed our views of gender and the state, here are intimations, hints, clues. It is well-written. It will not, unless you do your own work, change your map of the wild shores round which we cannot but sail, shores where the rocks of gender extend far beyond the mere cliffs of class or sand-banks of power. Perhaps it is unfair to ask for more. Feminists and all who like the fact that there are two sexes will not be content.

Jonathan Keates

Company Men

The Best Wine Last by ALEC WAUGH *W. H. Allen* £6.95

Double Harness by LORD DROGHEDA *Weidenfeld* £10

'The wonder is he hath endur'd so long' says Kent, gloomily contemplating the dead Lear. Given the variety and fullness of his experience, we can say the same of the apparently indestructible Alec Waugh, who now submits what he assures us is a final volume of autobiography. There was much to enjoy in his *My Brother Evelyn and Other Portraits*, especially its richly detailed picture of writers anxious to figure as gentlemen, with fugitive literary impulses lurking under a great deal of tweed, leather upholstery, pipe-smoking and cricket-playing. In those days of jolly Sir John Squire and not so jolly Hugh Walpole, writing was writing, but artists were chaps who belonged to dining clubs like Ye Sette of Odde Volumes, and behaved like A.G. Macdonnell characters in touring elevens on village greens.

Waugh, who published his briefly shocking *The Loom of Youth* in 1917, has remained true to such stout Georgian traditions. The current book's shortest chapter, 'I Become A Wine Writer', presents him as a seasoned epicure. In compiling a history of Gilbey's, he is carted about, a lip-smacking Silenus, from beano to beano, at Jerez, Epernay, Bordeaux and Oporto: 'a white Graves prepared the way for a Pontet-Canet, 1929, cheese straws cleaned our palates for a tawny port'. Later, with that dogged consistency which is as much a fault in him as a virtue, he notches up visits to Madeira and Cognac, methodically regretful that he should have had to wait 15 years before visiting the Rhine and Moselle districts.

Between this and cricket (1947 was, we are told, a good year for both claret and Middlesex) he has snugly contrived to accommodate his other chief enthusiasms – writing and women. The latter appear less as characters in their own right than as incentives to his old Adam, kept on the qui-vive during successive decades by various liaisons reminiscent, in their nonchalant affability, of something by Maupassant. A second marriage, inevitably perhaps, folds up into a Reno divorce, but equally typical is the comfortable apportionment of the children's upbringing and the shared holidays which follow.

Out of all this, however, comes an ambling narrative which only occasionally breaks into a slow trot. Though Waugh aptly comments on the intrinsic difficulty of reviewing autobiographies, he makes the job no easier by failing to provide the necessary touches of the momentous and the consequential which hold all good memoirs together. His life may have been just that bit too enjoyable: Chateau Latour, Caribbean cruises, nice friends in New York, and so much writing – over 50 books, two of them bestsellers written, with a gratifying symmetry, at 17 and 57. The turn for anecdote and thumbnail sketch which so enlivened *My Brother Evelyn* has become submerged entirely, and nothing remains but a kind of genial, plodding integrity.

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Habitués of Covent Garden will now and then have noticed a trim, elderly man with large ears and a wide acquaintance, whose benignly self-deprecating look suggests either a public school headmaster or the dean of a cathedral, neither of which he is. Lord Drogheda, like Alec Waugh, has a taste for work and company in ample amounts, and his publisher has given him space for an unlimited retrospect of these twin pleasures. *Double Harness* turns out, in fact, to be something of an autobiographical oddity, its loose structure encapsulating at least three substantial books. It opens with little Garrett Moore, father a nice, Irish, Baron Hard-Up, mother stylish, amorous and open-handed, following the predictable nursery-prep-school-Eton path. He marries a capable, intelligent girl and they have a son – at which point the memoir ends abruptly, rather as if we had barged in on the Droghedas before breakfast and were now politely to be sent packing.

The book's other sections are a pair of sustained essays in self-satisfaction, in each case well deserved. From them, the author emerges as a likeable and energetic figure with, I suspect, that occasional tendency to put his foot in it. A meeting with Brendan Bracken in 1932 leads to a job on the *Financial News*, which eventually merges with the *Financial Times*, of which Drogheda subsequently becomes Managing Director. There follows what is in effect a bumper company report, full of asides on such *FT* offshoots as the *Economist* and *History Today*.

The *FT* survives, and so (only just) does the Royal Opera House, where the earl, when not chivvying the paper along, was busy sending out as Chairman what his colleagues and employees styled 'Droghedagrams'. Though at times these final chapters read like paraphrases of the seasonal information on the pink pages of *Opera* magazine, they have value as the first detailed account of the singular problems of running so highly vulnerable an organisation. It might be dull were it not for the continually animating presence of Drogheda himself, mixing loyalty with waspishness, and gifted with the ability always to seem surprised at his own success. If his intention was to hide himself from us in public life, then he has failed memorably.

Christopher Reid

Arcadia

In this crayoned dream-town,
the chimneys think smoke
and every house is lovingly
Battenburged with windows.

A studious invention:
these strange, ecstatic folk,
who tower above their dwellings
and whose trees are deckled biscuits,

nuggeted with fruit.
As they step among the traffic,
that lurches down the road
on its long sum of noughts,

they look like damaged packages,
targets for pin limbs,
and yet they contrive to greet us
with smiles like black bananas.

Tom Paulin

Biovat

The Patriot by LIMA BARRETO translated by Robert Scott-Buccleuch *Rex Collings* £6
The Walnut Door by JOHN HERSEY *Macmillan* £4.95
Men on White Horses by PAMELA HAINES *Collins* £4.95
Ecotopia by ERNEST CALLENBACH *Pluto Press* £3.60 and £1.20

Bureaucracies are much the same the world over – they are stagnant places inhabited by sycophants, eccentrics, time-servers and feckless dreamers. It's one of the merits of *The Patriot* (whose author died of alcoholic poisoning in 1922) to show how closely life under an obscure Brazilian dictator more than 50 years ago resembles life in any bureaucracy. Barreto describes a tyrannic and inert society where everyone is enveloped by a 'sickly despondency, or nirvana-like indifference to all about them'. And the topography of the country becomes symbolic of this drab social torpor: the streets of Rio de Janeiro twist and turn in 'needless loops', while the countryside is full of 'huge, useless, unproductive estates'. All the attempts of Policarpo Quaresma, an idealistic nationalist, to change this are doomed to comic and eventually cruel failure.

The meandering narrative bumps up against a number of sharply defined personalities, small functionaries like Inocêncio Bustamente, 'submissive and servile' and obsessed with promotion. And there is a particularly acute presentation of a similar type, Genelicio, who becomes the paradigm of ambitious desperation:

> No one could be more cringing and servile than he was. He had no sense of propriety or shame. He plied his chiefs and superiors with all the incense he could. On leaving the office, he would loiter about, washing his hands three or four times, so as to be able to catch the director at the door. He would accompany him, talking about the work, giving ideas and opinions, criticising this or that colleague, and leave him at the tram if the man was going home.

This comic-opera world of pathetic careerists is dominated by a seedy dictator called Marshal Floriano, a flaccid mediocrity who gives the impression 'of softness, nervelessness'. Time and again Barreto succeeds in investing his narrative with potent recognitions and familiar atmospheres.

The Walnut Door is John Hersey's nineteenth book and it has all the playfulness, the technical skill, and the disciplined confidence of a really good short story. There is not a loose or shoddy sentence in the whole novel – a witty exercise which is always crisp, self-delighting and delightful. Like Macaboy, his pony-tailed carpenter and locksmith who reads Conrad and Stendhal, Hersey is lovingly expert in the manipulation of his material, and when Macaboy sharpens 'the little gossipy tongue' on his rebate plane, we see one of the many examples of this novel's witty fusion of form and content, people and objects. Hersey is able to get away with such aesthetic confusions: the three carved cherubs that look 'like Henry Kissinger in various stages of getting sloshed'; the door that is 'heavy in the best sense, like the facial expressions of Humphrey Bogart – tough, authentic, mysterious'. And at the centre of the novel is a remark which Macaboy later regrets: 'Bennington chicks . . . they're like Mondrians. Or *imitation* Mondrians. Very hard-edged. Patterned.' It's in this way that Hersey draws attention to Macaboy's residual Sixties sexism (the novel is partly a sunny elegy for that decade) and to the sharp patterning of his own narrative. Although Hersey sometimes teases the reader with the possibility that he is designing an American fable about national and domestic security, it would be wrong to force a moral on his hedonistic narrative: the brightness of its ironies and the relished artfulness of its technique are perfectly in control.

Pamela Haines's novel has a rotten title and a predictable subject – a girl growing up in the 'mellow warm haze' and 'illumined' sunlight of Edwardian Yorkshire. In fact there are hints of a darker and more compelling imagination, even though the adult intrigues around the fringes of Edwina's consciousness are straight out of *What Maisie Knew*. The pederastic uncle, the possessive mother, the scheming Italian aristocrats are presented too vaguely, since the narrative's streaming consciousness almost always obliterates any real psychological interest. With so many sensations and impressions flying around and going nowhere, everything has to exist on the same level – love, lust and sudden death become as equally important or unimportant as a sore throat, a currant bun or a plate of watery custard. The hectic gushing style flows on and on: 'Yesterday was another world: today was sunshine, flamboyant jewel colours, sudden spring warmth.' Gradually the story blurs into a melodramatic travelogue as young Edwina journeys to Italy, gets entangled with an Italian count, and has her looks ruined when her long-lost cousin throws acid at her. The opening chapters, however, have an edgy mysterious atmosphere and enough technical sophistication to suggest that Pamela Haines is a talented writer who has unfortunately failed to define her subject with sufficient clarity.

If English writers tend to locate their utopias in a rural past of real ale and nutty vicars, American visionaries discover noble savages in the day after tomorrow. *Ecotopia* presents an ecological paradise of rope sandals, biovats, recycling bins, and encounter groups. It's an excessively puritan society where everyone is 'simple and unadorned'. The aim of the Ecotopians is to 'decentralise and personalise' everything, and there's a particularly interesting moment when the Gulliver-figure tries to buy a rail ticket. He asks for it in the normal way and the Ecotopian official becomes angry, explaining that he won't give him a ticket unless he deals with him as 'a real person' and gives a 'sincere reaction' to his questions. Thus Rousseau's honest soul is reincarnated in a future ticket office – and anyone who is interested in the complex reasons for this should read Richard Sennett's great study, *The Fall of Public Man*. Ernest Callenbach, alas, doesn't understand why the Ecotopian practice of having 'very personal conversations with casual strangers' is a dubious ethic. *Ecotopia* is a prose-hymn to destructive *gemeinschaft*, to an ideal community of warm feeling and natural fibres. It is sentimental, escapist, totally unpolitical and dismally naïve.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Peter Conrad

Here Has No Words

Oedipus Rex *Albert Hall/Radio 3*
The Rake's Progress *Glyndebourne*

Coincidence juxtaposes Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and *The Rake's Progress* in the same week. Separated in time (1927 and 1951 respectively), they are unlike in character: *Oedipus Rex* is solemn, gruesome, calcified, *The Rake's Progress* whimsical, cerebral, fantasticated. Yet, taken together, they expose Stravinsky's search in opposite directions for dramatic texts answering to his musical predicament. Because Stravinsky reversed musical history – defying the 20th century, renouncing his own modernity and exhuming defunct forms like Latinate oratorio or Mozartean opera – his preferred heroes are themselves achronic. Cocteau's *Oedipus* is about the tragic reversal of time, which moves implacably backwards to entrap the hero; *The Rake's Progress* of Auden and Kallman is about the comic reversal of time, which elastically loosens the hero from the consequences of his misdeeds. Oracles send Oedipus back into his past; wishes project Tom Rakewell forward into a heady gratuitous future. Time forecloses on Oedipus, but time first accommodates Tom (in the brothel Nick Shadow turns the clock back) and then forgives him, allowing him the leisure for a dreamy, deranged repentance.

These different trajectories in time provoke corresponding musical responses from Stravinsky. The score of *Oedipus* is at once meditatively repetitious and mechanically propulsive. Cocteau called tragedy an infernal machine, a snare of tight logical causation. In Stravinsky's percussive batteries and insistent rhythms the machine is heard pitilessly at work. Auden and Kallman make Tom an alternative to Oedipus by endowing him with his own celestial machine, a gimcrack engine which promises to turn stones into bread and make earth a paradise of plenty again. Comedy is an affront to Cocteau's relentless fate, a realm of exhilarating contingency. Tom in his first aria wriggles free from the predestinate superintendence of heaven which afflicts Oedipus and entrusts himself to the variable favours of fortune. He acts opportunistically, with the elation of the moral amateur who never bothers to consult the rules. Hence his wishes, his guesses, in the deadly card-game, and his nonsensically wilful decision to marry the bearded Baba. He disdains the past and its precepts, and his actions are all existential leaps of faith into the future. In this he is less Hogarth's saturnine Englishman than an honorary American, the successor to Auden's previous operatic hero Paul Bunyan, who guides Americans from the 'natural disciplines' of the frontier to the modern, self-conscious 'life of choice'. Stravinsky's music is therefore aptly discontinuous. Its stopping and starting suits Tom's series of impetuous, improvisatory leaps into the unknown. The numbers in the score are unconnected because that is how the libertine experiences his own existence, forever remaking himself, spurning consistency and gradual development.

Oedipus Rex forbids such reckless trust in the future, and Stravinsky submitted the text to the same punitive regression suffered by its hero. Oedipus is forced back into his past; Cocteau's French abridgement of Sophocles was likewise, at the composer's behest, translated backwards into church Latin. The change was intended as a petrification: Stravinsky wanted an idiom 'not dead, but turned to stone'. This matches the fate of Oedipus, who doesn't die, as a tragic hero should, but turns parabolically to stone, blinding himself and wandering off as a morbid emblem of terror and remorse. A vernacular narrator was added as another of time's deputies. His anticipatory synopses make him an oracle, for whom to remember the past is to predict the future. He claims to be helpfully recalling the story for us, resurrecting it from antiquity; actually, he is determining its course in advance, encouraging the characters ahead into the trap.

Auden would have called *Oedipus* a detective story, because it is a fable about the retributive machinery of time. Time in *The Rake's Progress* is not a grim detective but a prosy moralist, bringing us (as Trulove says) to the eventual reconciliation with our faults. Music in *Oedipus* enforces time's thrust towards revenge: the resolution of harmonic tensions comes with the fulfilment of Tiresias's prophecy. Music in *The Rake's Progress* has a more lyrical, charitable intention, for it halts time, grants the libertine a stay of execution, and regains the paradise from which history expelled us. Auden called music a perpetual present, an unreflecting pleasure like paradise. Anne and Tom describe this musical stasis pastorally in their first duet; Nick makes Tom a gift of time in the brothel, and in supplying him with the engine provides him with the means for undoing history and restoring paradise by creating automatic universal affluence. Tom objects to the dictatorship of time which victimises Oedipus. He finds the ploughman's servitude to weather and seasons and the city gent's enslavement to the 'clock of Fashion' equally odious. His wishes, his gambling and his decision to marry Baba are his inventions of a fanciful future outside time. Even his madness is not a retribution, because it actualises this imaginary future: his reunion with Anne in Bedlam becomes the coupling of Venus and Adonis, celebrated in an Elysium which can't be altered by space or abated by time and which blissfully eternalises the present:

> Here has no words for absence or estrangement
> Nor Now a notion of Almost or Too Late.

The medium of Oedipus is necessity, that of Tom is randomness. Arranging the match with Baba, Nick persuades him that to embrace the absurd is the surest way of confusing time's grammar, eliminating the 'unpredictable Must' of appetite and the 'inflexible Ought' of conscience, and acting with a dazing freedom. This choice removes Tom from the satiric 18th century and makes a romantic of him. Nick's reasoning derives from Schopenhauer, and in acceding to it Tom becomes a comic version of Tristan, for whom love isn't the body's yearning for a partner but the self-soliciting adventure of the mind. Marriage to a bearded lady even hints at Auden's homosexual interpretation of Wagner, embroiling Tristan with Mark and the jealous Melot, and reducing Isolde to an irrelevant intruder. Oedipus has no such metaphysical liberty. For him the only freedom resides in the uncomplaining recognition of necessity which sends him off to punish himself.

Wavering between those two heroes, Stravinsky is reflecting on his own chronological indeterminacy, his reluctance to belong stylistically to his own time. Oedipus tells him to acquiesce in it, Tom entices him to evade it. *Oedipus Rex* is by the early Stravinsky who was thought to be scandalously modern because savagely atavistic; *The Rake's Progress* is by the later Stravinsky who derides modernity and also, like a flippant Tom Rakewell, disburdens himself of the past by mimicking it. Stravinsky's neoclassicism isn't a reverential adherence to the past, but a subversive rejection of the idea that styles and forms have a history into which each practitioner must fit himself. Like the libertinism of his hero, it is a challenge to time.

David Hockney's designs for the Glyndebourne production (which in the autumn will be touring Birmingham, Southampton, Nottingham, Norwich and Oxford) catch this restiveness about time. His drop curtain disorders chronology by using preliminary sketches, mnemonic boxes coloured by numbers, and bars excerpted from the musical score as a frame for the rake's fall: the designer's trials and experiments and his initial study of the music, the beginnings of the creative process, here appear as an end product. The designs inflict on the action the same stasis enjoyed by the music. The stage is supposedly a picture which moves, but Hockney's pictorial devices frustrate movement, penning the characters inside miniature prisons: the cubicles in the brothel, the cells in the asylum. The restless, garrulous Baba is caged in her sedan chair, then immobilised under a table-cloth. Hockney competes with Stravinsky's reversal of musical history by turning the stage from a painting back into the abstemious likeness of an engraving. Rather than colouring objects, he cross-hatches them. Clothes, wigs, furniture and trees are all made from grilles or grids of engraved line. The stage becomes an intricate crossword puzzle, which is perhaps too fatalistic an image for this work. It might have suited *Oedipus* better: Auden was addicted to crossword puzzles and detective stories, and he perceived an analogy between them – both are models of the abbreviation of time and the cautionary contraction of space, and they belong to the tragic hero locked like Oedipus claustrophobically inside himself, not the comic hero with a genius like Tom's for avoidance and self-controversion. But the virtual absence of colour has a perversity which coincides with Tom's. He deprecates colour, calling nature a 'green unnatural mother'. He is not an 18th-century rake battening coarsely on nature, but a dandified 19th-century decadent like Tris-

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tan, slighting nature and detaching himself from it; Hockney therefore sets him in a severe, disdainful environment of black-and-white luridly blotched by red. Dandyism outlaws colour because it is demeaningly natural.

At Glyndebourne, the outstanding performance was Samuel Ramey's Nick Shadow. He has the look of a hatchet-faced Apache chieftain. His skin is parchment with sardonic lines scratched on it, his hair sleek, lank and black, his voice darkly malevolent. Leo Goeke's Tom was gormless, Felicity Lott's Anne stiff. The high C she emits at the end of her virtuoso aria required a desperate effort, which was a pity, for that note is her one moment of self-definition in the opera and her vocal equivalent to Tom's dramatic *acte gratuit* of espousing Baba. Auden said that 'every high C accurately struck demolishes the theory that we are the irresponsible puppets of fate or chance'. Vocal bravura is the comic character's defence against the infernal tragic machine which consumes Oedipus. Miss Lott's careful singing lacked that metaphysical nonchalance which excited Auden. The voices in the *Oedipus Rex* Prom were baffled by the hall and bludgeoned by the orchestra. Janet Baker, despite some fine phrases, was a tentative Jocasta, lacking both the chattering cajolery for her dissuasion of the princes and the panicky floridity for her duet with Oedipus. John Mitchinson's Oedipus bleatingly explained why tragedy means goat-song.

Sport

Russell Davies

Seven Tykes of Ambiguity

Bonko Brearley, son of Horace (Tyke 1), weaned on an abacus and impatient to read minds, keeps on not losing Test Matches. He won the last one by a very good margin, in spite of doing almost nothing recordable on the scoreboard to hasten the handover of the cheques. He is like the Invisible Earnings of the City: he seems to make the figures better just by being there, though nobody dares to explain why, in case the process ceases. His batting figures would undoubtedly improve if he swished violently outside the off stump, as all the rest of his team does, instead of offering the high-wristed, dangling dead-bat stroke that gets him caught behind. That would leave only his l.b.w. problem. There can be small doubt, surely, that this pre-delivery back-lift business, whereby Brearley suddenly stands up during the bowler's run, as if he had just seen something unearthly crawling over the top of the sightscreen, prepares him ill for at least half his strokes. For the forward defensive push, his bat seems to be still aligning itself as the ball arrives; and besides, giving the bowler such a good view of the stumps encourages him mightily, as well as improving his aim. No wonder Brearley has so many good, fast balls bowled at him.

Geoffrey Boycott, meanwhile (Tyke 2), goes on accumulating centuries; but whereas most great batsmen are blessed with their talent for scoring, Boycott is afflicted with his. It weighs heavily on him, and on the rest of us. Those of us whom Michael Parkinson (Tyke 3) has recently re-dubbed 'Boycott-bashers' are not really bashers at all: we are the bashed. We do admire, but we are mentally pooped from watching the Yorkshire Sisyphus grinding uphill year after year towards Statistical Heaven. He seems not to realise that this goal, like something out of the theology of Kafka, retreats the more you strain after it. The day Boycott thrashes a jolly 50, toddles jauntily back to the pavilion, and flings down his gloves with some cheerfully banal remark like 'Oh well, a short life, but a merry one', is the day I will apply to Mr Parkinson for membership of the Defence League.

Some of these Yorkshiremen (Tykes) are heavy company. The one who makes my blood boil quickest is Don Mosey (Tyke 4, Radio 3), the commentator. Known among his colleagues, apparently, as 'The Alderman', he can indeed almost be heard fingering his chain of office as he rolls out a succession of elaborately ironic and pedantic euphuisms. He has the Yorkshire 'virtue' of 'bluntness', too. When Tony Lewis put in a word the other day for some small aspect of Bonko's captaincy, he was so exhaustively pooh-poohed by Mosey that he found himself reduced to muttering something about asking to see the man's credentials. No bad thing, I suppose, in the sense that Lewis's glossy good humour is not the ideal adornment to a radio service already verbally baroque and suffocatingly chummy; but bad in most other senses.

Among other Yorkshiremen I have had my doubts about is Harold Bird (Tyke 5), the umpire, whose great flat cap, and great flat feet, and stoop, and station-sergeant grin, proclaim him as one of nature's uniform-fetishists. (He joins Jack Taylor, the soccer referee, in the Plods' Gallery.) Bird has lately had a book written for him. Entitled *Not Out* – I foresee confusion in the sleepier bookshops over its availability – it is worth having a look at in those odd moments when your curiosity is aroused about umpires. What set me off in Bird's direction, actually, was the very strange decision given by his colleague Constant in the Test Match, when the world and his wife, not to mention the entire New Zealand team, and their wives, were convinced that Willis had whacked a thick snick to the wicket keeper off Hadlee. John Arlott in the Guardian found an excessively odd way of describing the event: '. . .Willis played at a ball from Hadlee, *missed by inches to the accompaniment of a loud click*; and was given not out by David Constant, *probably the best umpire in the world today*.' My italics denote sheer puzzlement in the first case, and in the second, surprise at the provocative timing of the compliment.

Bird, anyway, turns out to be as genially obsessed as you might expect, and as full of egocentric humour: 'The Pakistan opener, Sadiq Mohammed, or "Squeaking Bill" as I call him because of his high-pitched voice . . .' (I very much hope Squeaking Bill calls Bird 'Boysie' or 'Snookums' or something, because he lives alone with his Mum.) Bird is highly organised, and likes to think of himself as even more methodical than he is. For example, take the habit among bowlers of abusing batsmen who play and miss: 'If I hear it, I will say, "Hey, what's going on there? That's enough of that!" This system seems to work.' He gives ample signs of being racially neutral – in his book, as in that of Brian Close (Tyke 6), Viv Richards comes out top of the popularity poll – but has the usual abstentionist tendency where South Africa is concerned. He is able to write 'I enjoyed my time in South Africa and wouldn't insult my many hosts there by trying to lecture them on their politics.' This in spite of his experience coaching in Soweto. But, of course, 'The Bantus of Soweto much prefer to play the fast, exciting sports. Cricket doesn't really suit their temperament.' So that's all right then.

The charming thing about Bird's book (Arthur Barker £4.95) is the blithe double standard that runs right through the playing part of it. He much admires the attitude of the man with guts who plays hard and plays to win – yet he is touchingly grateful to all those, like Colin Cowdrey and Frank Hayes, who walk when they have given a catch and thus make his job a bit less hard on the nerves. In fact, Bird is a lucky man: in his world, there are only two sorts of people, gentlemen and Yorkshiremen, and he has reasons to like both lots. What he hoped to teach Soweto, God (Tyke 7) alone knows.

THE STATE OF FICTION
A SYMPOSIUM

with contributions from A. Alvarez, Brian Aldiss, Kingsley Amis, Martin Amis, Paul Bailey, J.G. Ballard, A.L. Barker, Stan Barstow, David Benedictus, Malcolm Bradbury, Melvyn Bragg, John Braine, Christine Brooke-Rose, Jeremy Brooks, Brigid Brophy, A.S. Byatt, Angela Carter, Isabel Colegate, William Cooper, Robert Coover, Elaine Feinstein, Eva Figes, Nicolas Freeling, Giles Gordon, Patricia Highsmith, Michael Holroyd, Dan Jacobson, Diane Johnson, Jennifer Johnston, Gabriel Josipovici, Mervyn Jones, Francis King, David Lodge, Ian McEwan, Olivia Manning, Stanley Middleton, Brian Moore, Helen Muir, Edna O'Brien, Julia O'Faolain, David Plante, Barbara Pym, Frederic Raphael, Piers Paul Read, Alan Ross, Alan Sillitoe, Julian Symons, Emma Tennant, Paul Theroux, Anthony Thwaite, William Trevor, Peter Vansittart, Auberon Waugh, Raymond Williams, Angus Wilson, A.N. Wilson.

in the summer issue of

THE NEW REVIEW

Single Copies £1.75 Annual Subscription £7.50
from The New Review, 11 Greek Street, London W1.

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Films

John Coleman

With Soul

Sven Klang's Combo (AA) *Scala*
Cria Cuervos (AA) *Gala Royal*
The One and Only (A) *Plaza 2*

One cringes to think what Hollywood might have done with a story as slight and true as *Sven Klang's Combo*, a most welcome Swedish import made a couple of years ago. Directed by Stellan Olsson almost in undertones, finely photographed in black and white by Kent Persson, it pursues the fortunes of a part-time dance band quartet, playing in the provinces back in 1958-9. Sven, the smirking, purse-lipped leader and bassist, is the archetypal square and cheat, underpaying, seducing the girl singer, Gunnel, a telephonist by day: not surprisingly, *he* is a car salesman. Rolf, the pianist, is just finishing high school and Kennet, the drummer, writes poetry and is a metal worker: this pair is trim and rather staid, in it for larks rather than money. Rolf identifies with James Dean. Their placid Wednesday rehearsals and Saturday night gigs, at dance halls, weddings, temperance outings, are disrupted by the arrival of one Lasse (Christer Boustedt, also responsible for the score), an alto sax from Stockholm, doing his national service in a military band nearby. This short, quietly fiery fellow is soon at loggerheads with Sven: over money and, even more, over the combo's style of playing: he's for 'real jazz – with soul'. 'If the blues hadn't existed, the black people would have gone under long ago,' he says. Music is there *for* something. Pianist and drummer, greatly impressed (and rightly) by his talent – 'he's probably even better in Stockholm' – speculate as to whether he is on drugs, in an amusing scene try the contents of his glass as if it contained some magic mix: just gin.

The band's progress is caught glancingly. Intransigent Lasse improvises during a rehearsal to one of Kennet's little poems; Gunnel takes to Lasse, who phones her at work one day while Sven is waiting to speak to her as well – another telephonist giggles helplessly; Lasse hates her new wallpaper and we see them briefly painting over it. Then he goes too far, adding an impromptu coda of his own at the end of an evening, to the bewilderment of the dancers and Sven's fury. Lasse leaves for Copenhagen and success, cutting a disc: Gunnel has Sven's baby, also leaving for a while. Then the group re-forms, talking of Stan Getz but sardonic about his experiences: 'All Danes play dixie', a recurring refrain. There is a dying fall, talk of needle-marks on his arms, he disappears as silently as he returned. Mini-interviews to camera, 10 years on, reveal that only the drummer still plays occasionally. Lasse has died, it slips out, in autumn, 1968. The final shot has him squatting on a case, solitary on a station platform. As a recreation of a gentler time in the footloose world of popular music, it seems to me spot on: it is equally remarkable for the laconic script (by Henric Holmberg – Kennet in the film – and Ninne Olson) and ensemble acting. Credits where they are due: Gunnel (Eva Remaeus), Rolf (Jan Lindell) and Sven (Anders Granstrom).

The Spanish Carlos Saura made *The Spirit of the Beehive*, which many liked considerably more than I did, and now (in 1975, in fact) brings back the solemn little, black-marble-eyed Ana Torrent. Switching from the mid-Fifties to 20 years on every once in a while, nine-year-old Ana (her film name, too), the second of three sisters, spends most of the time hallucinating through a horrible childhood in a somehow sealed-off, gloomy mansion in Madrid. Her lecherous father, a pro-Franco officer, dies while making love to the wife of a military friend: Ana, who has been given a 'tin of poison' to throw away (surely deeply implausible), sneaks nocturnally into his bedroom after the woman has fled and quietly goes about washing a glass with remains of white powder in it. Her pet guinea pig dies. She offers to kill her stricken granny, confined to a wheelchair. 'I want you all to die!' echoes through this very studied piece. Geraldine Chaplin, as her mother, is seen through Ana's eyes, wracked with pain and screaming, on her death-bed: and, thereafter, when an aunt comes to take over the household, the child seems able to summon visions of her mother at will as well as suffering them unbidden. Miss Chaplin is also occasionally found as grown-up Ana, speaking directly to us of her long, sad girlhood. These monologues seem redundant, even confusing initially. There is much to admire in Saura's handling of his own screenplay, particularly in the use he makes of the gross, garrulous Rosa, the housekeeper-maid who out-bawdies Juliet's Nurse, and in the persuasive pranks and sulks of the sisters. There are more than a few surrealist touches. The title is drawn from a Spanish proverb, 'Raise ravens and they will peck out your eyes'. One is inclined to add, 'Raise Buñuel and he may peck out your movie'. As the girls go normally back to school at the end, one is more and more conscious of holes, gaps, an overall insubstantiality in the event.

A lot of Carl Reiner's *The One and Only*, written by Steve Gordon with a rakehell flipness that moves often enough into genuine comicality to keep parched souls like me happy, is worth the visit. The eponymous hero is Andy Schmidt (Henry Winkler), first discovered in black and white aged 11, about to entertain the neighbours in Akron, Ohio. 'Andy, I hear you're very talented,' gushes a lady. 'Yes,' says Andy. Then, to the person at the piano, 'Hit it, ma', and very bad Al Jolson. Movies really do move this week, don't they? From 1938, we are translated to colour and 1951. Andy chats up one Mary (Kim Darby, who has grown up awfully well in my estimation) in the Ohio College library and gets her so confused she hardly knows whether to laugh or run. He pursues her relentlessly, assuring her – as he is tirelessly and sometimes tiresomely to do throughout – that he is going to be the greatest: whether actor or comedian is uncertain. Scared, she announces her engagement to another, a handsome campus square. Andy cracks up when they are introduced. 'Paul's going to be a doctor,' says Mary. Andy is firm about that. 'Paul's going to be a member of the audience.' Later, he takes her to a restaurant where he insists on regaling her with a strenuous rendition over the table of 'Getting to Know You'.

Wearing her down and calamitously meeting her parents ('Mom' and 'Tom', as he calls them), he weds her, they go to New York, she works, after farcing up audition after audition he becomes a wrestler with a series of gimmicks and a sex-mad midget named Milton as

Peter Porter

About the New

Then this is the name
whispered in the street of horror,
(forgetting that we live just one time),
to try to bring to a point
the lines before your face at waking.

Yet it dirties the same paper
and cries out similarly
when oxygen is denied:
Insipid over-achievers
worship it; it makes them profound.

There is Mr M,
who has a spit problem,
grilling all writing but his own.
He has his generosity too,
he serves the cottage industry of words.

And think of the incomparable S,
putting away for Stratford,
for 'the dark house and the detested wife',
and afterwards through love
turning a sonnet into slippers.

A frivolous essay in aesthetics!
When they found themselves
in sordid cities where armless
pregnant girls begged for bread,
they cried: 'Behold Neopolis!'

Do not confuse this with despair.
At any moment someone is born
wishing to forget everything
the world has ever known
to found a university of starting.

I prefer the vision of Walter Pater
who didn't know much art
but looked at pictures to save them
from the scholars. God, too,
glances at our biros enthusiastically.

What an amazing thing, the confidence
of the world! It might be
'an accompaniment to a film scene',
'A systematically deployed semantic tic',
or just a dead sheep on the Downs.

Here at the end I must admit
that some things are definitively new
though undoubtedly made up
of bits of old things. To those in heaven,
I shall say in greeting, 'Hello, you two.'

Which makes this a short essay
if rather a long poem by today's standards.
It took a few risks with syntax
but isn't innovatory. I expect to find
what's new beyond the encroaching fire.

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friend. She has a baby, goes back home, he follows her, gets steady job, finds it impossible, and achieves his triumph by running away again and appearing as a pansy, blond-wigged wrestler, The Lover. Nation-wide fame, happy ending. Winkler and Darby strike enough sparks off each other to burn away the worst of the sentimental interludes.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Whoroscope

Boo Hoo *Open Space*
Look After Lulu *Chichester*
A & R *Warehouse*

Boo Hoo comes from the transatlantic typewriter of Philip Magdalany, who may be remembered as the creator of a priapic entertainment called *Section Nine*. That cast a number of respectable RSC actors as homosexual G-men, deputed to decode a secret formula tattooed on the penis of a traitor and only legible when he had been successfully excited. It seemed funny at the time, and had, in American machismo, a butt and target to snap at. Sad to report, those who seek the same sort of satiric devilment in the new Magdalany are liable to feel cheated. To be sure, it starts promisingly enough. Beside the gilt Buddha, which doubles as a cocktail cabinet, a swankily-dressed girl is roaring and howling. 'Are you still into that primal therapy?' asks a friend. Yes, and she proposes to leave her husband and maybe become a lawyer for the ghetto poor. But the looked-for attack on the pretensions of the psychiatrist-couch class never actually materialises. In fact, the play's three characters all turn out to be plush whores, two of them lately married to rich men; and the evening's interest, such as it is, comes from what they contribute to a frolicsome plot, not from any ideas, attitudes, manners or morals they might represent. Will the strumpet-wives manage to murder their husbands for gain? And will the eldest continue to keep secret that she is, in fact, the clandestine mother of the youngest?

The answers to these questions might be more pertinent if Magdalany's magdalens didn't insist on behaving as if they'd just arrived by limousine from a particularly exotic wet-dream. His chosen style is so thickly lacquered, its verbal blooms so thoroughly artificial, that ordinary belief is impossible and, consequently, tension quite lacking. That leaves the play dependent on the laughter it can generate by the dash of its lines and the frenzy of its happenings; but, alas, Magdalany isn't yet a Congreve, a Wilde, or even a Joe Orton. His wit is often rudimentary – 'I'm allergic to time', 'Everyone's allergic to time, that's why we grow old and die' – and the most imaginative of his events, in which the wrangling husbands simultaneously wreck a kennels and a wedding-feast, is relayed ancient-Greek fashion, by messenger from offstage. Charles Marowitz, who directs, and his three eminent actresses seem to have sensed that mere superhuman efforts aren't going to be enough, given the problems the script presents. At any rate, they behave as if the Open Space was some histrionic Disneyland instead of a smallish London theatre: no one can scratch a nose or tap a foot without introducing a big-dipper flamboyance into their gestures. More specifically, Estelle Kohler is massively breathless, Georgina Hale massively adenoidal, and Janet Suzman a sort of animate pendulum doomed to swing from massive gasp to massive snarl. If excess was instrinsically funny, the play might succeed. But it isn't, and it doesn't.

Or maybe I'm losing my sense of humour, a variety of amputation to which critics are particularly prone. The laughter that greeted *Boo Hoo* did, admittedly, have that determined, do-or-die quality typical of faltering first nights; but the Chichester audience seemed authentically amused by Noel Coward's bastardisation of Feydeau, *Look After Lulu*. Someone to an overdressed someone else: 'they'd think you were on your way to *Tristan and Isolde*.' Skittish riposte: 'You and your grand friends!' Prolonged chortles, helpless slapping of thighs, etc. Further riposte: 'I don't even *know* Tristan and Isolde.' Noise of cracking ribs in row M, widespread rolling in aisles and chewing of carpets, ambulances summoned for the elderly. Alas, it seemed to me that Feydeau had been robbed of a lot of his relentlessness, his cold-heartedness and acidity. That geometric genius seemed swaddled and slowed by Coward's quasi-comic interjections, many of them self-consciously 'naughty', and by Patrick Garland's over-leisurely direction. For the record, Geraldine McEwan purrs and flutters through the role of the demi-mondaine who must somehow please her military lover, a Russian prince of spectacular arrogance, and a friend who can only open his wealthy godfather's purse by faking a marriage; and Kenneth Haigh, Clive Francis, Richard Morant and Nigel Stock are the gambolling gentlemen. Individually, most are excellent. Collectively, they can't prevent the evening succumbing to a common disease, excessive Englishness.

I caught Pete Atkin's *A & R*, in rather the same sense that one catches a mild cold, at the last Edinburgh Festival: but I liked it better at the Warehouse, perhaps because it's more consistently acted, perhaps because the general tone of its assessment of the rock industry seems a bit less paranoid, perhaps because I hadn't spent the day tramping up and down the Royal Mile in search of yet another university production in yet another overheated attic. The plot, insofar as it has one at all, involves a chanteuse, the only survivor of a group which was once hailed as the natural successor of the Beatles. But her presence, as it turns out, is a slimmish pretext for two more general aspirations. One is to give us star-struck mugs a guided tour of a recording studio, complete with technical jargon and facetious jokes from the presiding engineer: if

This English

Hair-shirt time again for the front half, we're afraid: but at least Pilger's vision makes journalists feel valued. And we're sorry to have caught our distinguished colleague Arthur Marshall in a whopping quasi-negative. A near homophone and a couple of summer sillinesses to end with. £3 for the first entry, £2 for the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Last month, a group of disconsolate journalists returned to Khartoum from Eritrea, where three and a half million people have been attempting to prevent their extinction for almost 17 years. **John Pilger** NS (Tim Wilkinson)

☐ I would feel more charitably disposed to them all if some of the Middle Eastern ones were less seldom found in what is discreetly called 'a noted Oxford Street store' trying to stuff 14 unpaid-for cardigans up their burnouses. **Arthur Marshall** *Sunday Telegraph* (J. T. Hart)

☐ We covered the whole gambit of banking from cashiering, customers, current accounts and deposits . . . *Guardian* (Gillian Harrison)

☐ Turpins, where up to eight huddled little tables can enjoy a restricted, very English meal. *Vogue* (Linda O'Callaghan)

☐ Long cool drink to taste of Arabians. **Headline** *Guardian* (B. C. J. Bowden)

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW STATESMAN READERS
NT NATIONAL THEATRE
THE WOMAN
a new play by Edward Bond
SCENES OF WAR AND FREEDOM
ANY UNSOLD SEAT BOOKABLE IN ADVANCE FOR ONLY £1.75 for previews and opening: August 4, 5, 7, 8, 9 at 7.30pm, August 10 at 7pm. (Offer limited to two tickets per person, on presentation of this advertisement)
In repertoire at normal prices August 15, 16 (mat & eve), 30, 31 (mat & eve), September 5, 6 (mat & eve), 12, 13 (mat & eve), 14.
(Booking opens 14 Aug for Sept perfs).
BOX OFFICE: 01-928 2252
The first new play to have its premiere in the open stage Olivier Theatre.
The cast of *The Woman* includes **Yvonne Bryceland** as Hecuba, **Dermot Crowley** as The Son, **Andrew Cruickshank** as Nestor, **Anthony Douse** as The Trojan High Priest, **Susan Fleetwood** as Ismene, **Paul Freeman** as The Dark Man, **Nicky Henson** as Heros, **Gawn Grainger** as Ajax, **James Grant** as Thersites, **Anna Manahan** as Porpoise, and **Dinah Stabb** as Cassandra.
Directed by **Edward Bond**, designed by **Hayden Griffin**, lighting by **Andy Phillips**, songs by **Hans Werner Henze**.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you want to know precisely where a guitarist puts his half-smoked fag while he's at the mike, or just how quickly a present triumph can become a hazy recollection, you should join the queue at the sign marked 'visitors'. The second is to register a few complaints about the polluted ecology of the same small world, with its pretentious hangers-on, its faceless and ignorant moguls, its pianists like 'digital computers' and its hopelessly soured geniuses. Like almost any extensively-inspected mystery, from sheep-shearing to bladder surgery, it ends by making the feet itch and eyes wander; but it grips longer than most. An instructive and not unpleasing evening.

Television

Julian Barnes

Oh No

So what sort of a fourth channel do *you* want? It's open season on consultation at the moment, and this column is giving you your big chance. The White Paper's just out; the election's coming up (we don't want you to be too swayed, incidentally, by the fact that when Mrs Whitehouse snapped her Persil fingers at the three party leaders recently, only wise young Mr Steel declined to trot along and meet her); and you and I could exert some pretty mean pressure on an incoming government. So what do we want? Despite the gifted and patient advocacy of Anthony Smith on *The Editors* (BBC-1), the present plan for an OBA channel of minority outlets – from open-door to open-university – does sound a bit, well, glum. Even allowing for a gathering of talented, independent, dissident programme-makers, are we going to sit with the same channel all evening (as you and I do) when it looks like *Police Violence in Sunderland – Part Nine,* followed by *Open University Budgie-Crushing (black-and-white)* and *Middle-Period Bellini* (not James).

On the other hand, a glance at the three top BBC and IBA men flanking Smith – Sir Brian Young, John Freeman and Robin Scott – would tell you exactly whom you didn't want to hand the new channel over to (we need a fourth national channel, by the way, because no other country in the world has got one; and, we haven't done much since finding all that oil, have we?). It was pleasant enough to hear John Freeman cracking on in a pained, suspicious way about the threat of 'the radical dinner-table', as if all over London there were little macrobiotic rallies at which Smith and Phillip Whitehead (fingered by Freeman as the other member of the notorious Gang of Two) lobbied susceptible trendies; but to hear him go on to claim that ITV 'wants to relieve the frustrations of the programme-makers' – this, in the context of the Isaacs flight and the IBA's attitude to Northern Ireland coverage, was less inviting.

I suggest a new strategy. Instead of saying what we want on a fourth channel, let's start with some glorious negatives. Imagine, for example, a channel with *no plays at all.* Think what a relief that would be: no more painful occasions like Sunday night's *The One and Only Buster Barnes* (ATV), where a fine actor like Alan Badel was forced to squander his voice on pointless, badly-written words. Imagine a channel with no link-men, no vestigial Derek Hobsons crouching for their chance to run a *New Faces*; with no visible newsreaders; no weathermen; no breathy, late-night poems read by that fellow over shots taken by the Epping Camera Club; no party politicals; no gala nights at which top TV men give slightly less top TV men prizes and assume we're all dying to be in on the ceremony (indeed, no galas at all); no variety shows with passé, busty soon-to-be-bankrupted singers showing us precisely why Carey Street is just around the corner; even (I know this might seem a little bold) *no light entertainment whatsoever.* How about that? And then, to come right down to it, imagine the people we could enjoy not seeing: no more Colin Welland, no Magni of either sort, no Motson, no Patrick Moore, no Llew Gardner, no Janeh Sree-Pawer, no Harty, no (all right, since you twist my arm) Esther, no Austin Mitchell (a new ban, which we announce after his scandalously inane questioning of Henry Moore on Yorkshire's *The Majesty of H.M.),* no Richard Dimbleby lectures, no Shaw Taylor, no Jack Hedley serials, no Ronald Harwood. While the people we did allow on could be subjected to invigorating restrictions: Brian Walden could appear only if he talked faster than WEA-speed; Alan Weeks only if he gave up wearing a dress shirt that looks like a piece of advanced origami; Melvyn would be permitted only to interview writers. Put like that, it sounds a headily promising channel, doesn't it? It could then get down to doing what TV does best: interviews, investigations, sport and (since you insist) sex.

The sort of serious programmes we'd be keen to back are those all-too-rarely mounted reports like Roger Graef's three-parter on the British Communist Party. Anyone who saw his riveting *Decision* film on British Steel a couple of years ago couldn't have been much surprised by the subsequent dire state of the industry: then, blustery execs were shown congratulating themselves on knocking the Germans down a few hundred quid on the price of a couple of blast furnaces, when it was clear that they hadn't any basic notion of whether they ought to be ordering one or two. In *Decision: British Communism* the issue was the CP's new manifesto for the British road to socialism. After an unlikely piece of plain speaking in the first programme – 'If we don't go to socialism, we're in for a bloody awful time because they're a shower of bastards' – opacity set in: thought and language congealed like fudge. The humourlessness, the phraseology from which sense had been evacuated, and the punishing boredom of the meetings may have been predictable; but they made vivid television all the same.

It was easy, and attractive, just to watch for the unintentional comedy of it all: for the universally aggressive use of the word 'comrade', for the quaint fact that the hardline breakaway group comes from Surrey, and for the sudden moments of bourgeois class-consciousness. 'I bet she's a teacher,' murmured a sweet, heavy-hipped ex-nun about the shrill Stalinist Renata Simpson, designated as 'from East Anglia' yet talking a strange Fenland Slavonic. But there were enough moments to unsettle any lulling tolerance one might be inclined to feel – like when Sid French, the renegade party executive, reminded us that the Prague invasion was 'a fraternal act . . . every man and woman in this room ought to be pleased that they went in and saved world peace.' The ex-nun, who seems to be booked for a starring role next week, is clearly billed in the *TV Times* as the goody of the series; so just as well to note that she joined the BCP because of 'the threat to civil liberties' – just two years after Brezhnev's fraternal intervention.

The small innovation on *News at Ten* (Thames) of Eric Sevareid's two-minute guest editorial spot is to be welcomed. Sevareid is the sort of articulate liberal, proud yet critical of his country, who makes you feel relieved about America. He talks an odd, very written language; and, as if to make up for this, is the only man currently on TV not using the teleprompter. Check it out: it makes him look strangely human.

Tony Miles

Chess

No 94 **Jan Timman**

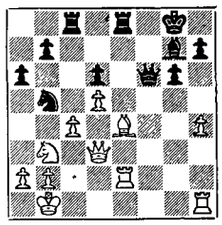
One of the most striking features of the recent major international tournaments has been the form of the young Dutch GM Jan Timman. In the past he has always been a highly talented and dangerous opponent, but inclined to be slightly erratic. Lately this has changed.

In March he finished a creditable third in the Bugojno super-tournament, in the process becoming one of the very select group who have beaten the World Champion. In June he shared first place (with the Soviet champion Gulko) in another strong Yugoslav event at Niksic, and currently he is dominating the annual IBM tournament at Amsterdam, where he played the following game against Ribli.

White: Z. Ribli **Black: J. Timman**

1.N-KB3, N-KB3; 2.P-B4, P-KN3; 3.N-B3, P-Q4, 4.P-Q4, B-N2; 5.B-B4, 0-0; 6.P-K3, P-B4; 7.QPxP, N-K5; 8.R-B1, NxN; 9.PxN; PxP; 10.QxQ, RxQ; 11.BxP, N-Q2; 12.B-KN5. If White is to claim any advantage from the opening he must cling on to his extra pawn for at least a few moves. Hence the text. **12. . .R-K1; 13.B-N5.** White hopes for a timely P-B6, but Timman has seen further. **13. . .P-QR3; 14.B-QR4, P-R3; 15.B-R4, P-KN4; 16.P-B6?** Supposedly the justification of his play, but 16.B-KN3 is preferable. **16. . .N-B4! 17.PxP, BxP; 18.BxR, PxB!** The point – White's bishop is trapped and he must lose two pieces for a rook. **19.B-Q7, NxB; 20.NxP, N-K4; 21.0-0, P-K3; 22.KR-Q1, B-KB3; 23.R-Q4, P-QR4; 24.P-KR3, B-R3; 25.R-K4, B-B5; 26.P-R4, P-R4; 27.R-Q1, B-N6; 28.R-Q6, N-B5; 29.R-Q7, BxRP; 30.R-B7, B-N6; 31.R(4)xN, BxR; 32.RxB, P-R5;** The most efficient conclusion. The QRP costs White a piece. **33.N-B3, P-R6; 34.N-Q2, P-R7; 35.N-N3, R-R1;** Resigns.

Problem No 94
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN, postmarked not later than 16 August.



Solution to Problem 92
1.R-R8ch! K-N2 (BxR, 2.Q-R5 mates); 2.R(8)-R7ch, K-N1; 3.QxB(K3)! PxQ; 4.BxPch, R-B2; 5.BxRch, K-B1; 6.B-R6ch, Resigns.

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Weekend Competition

No 2526 Set by Farouche Features

We had a comp some time ago in which you were asked to devise an NS personal ad which could be guaranteed to produce no response. This time we want you to invent a weekend competition which nobody could possibly want to enter – either because it's too complicated, or too boring, or too recherché, or . . . well, you must know the sort of comps you hate. Maximum three goes; by 18 August.

Result of No 2523 Set by Al Fresco

We asked you to put the titles of three well-known books together, so that they told a pithy story.

Report by Fatboy

> Where some of the complex is present we can act so as to produce, or prevent, the effect by producing, or preventing, the rest of it. *We are often far from sure that we know the whole constitution of the complex.*

O wise, O great, O handsome Anthony Quinton, you have put into a couple of simple sentences (in your review of Antony Flew's *A Rational Animal*, NS 21 July) what those of us who work in the mighty Comp Complex so tentatively, so gropingly feel. How can we ever hope to know the whole constitution of the Complex? How grasp its ineffable *echt*-ness, its selfhood, its mysterious essence? It is a question of faith, not knowledge, in my own pathetically dim opinion (how am I doing, Spiro?). As for this week's entry: a bit on the ripe side, some of you were, but the Editor's away body-surfing in Dubrovnik, so we think there won't be any problem slipping you a Wilson for each of your cracks.

The Honourable Schoolboy; The Women's Room; An Inspector Calls.
The Naked Runner; The African Queen; Look Back in Anger.
The Virgin Soldiers; Brief Encounter; Black's Medical Dictionary.
TED THOMPSON

Hard Times; Debits and Credits; The Turn of the Screw.
Arabia Deserta; Ivanhoe; How Green Was My Valley.
PETER PETERSON

Gaudy Night; Over the Bridge; And Quiet Flows the Don.
MARY HOLTBY

Five Go Off to Camp; Five Get Into Trouble; The Secret Seven Mystery.
Midnight Cowboy; Ending Up; Horse Under Water.
GERRY HAMILL

Men Without Women; Portnoy's Complaint; Eyeless in Gaza.
G.R. EINDER

The Prime Minister; Decline and Fall; Lord Jim.
The Call of the Wild; Lady into Fox; Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man.
Brave New World; Black Mischief; The Return of the Native.
JOHN STANLEY

The Sacred Flame; Smoke; A Burnt-out Case.
MAY DAY

Casanova's Chinese Restaurant; Good Food Guide; Decline and Fall.
ROY KELLY

Breakfast at Tiffany's; Dead Souls; Eating People is Wrong.
The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists; The Nine Tailors; Lord of the Flies.
J.A. FRANKLIN

Lord Jim; Girl, 20; Lucky Jim.
GEORGINA HAMMICK

The Razor's Edge; Mine Own Executioner; From Here To Eternity.
Black Beauty; Vanity Fair; Pride and Prejudice.
Great Expectations; Decline and Fall; The End of the Affair.
FRANK ANDERSON

Cakes and Ale; Ginger and Pickles; Nausea.
Doctor at Sea; The Blood of Others; Watership Down.
Whisky Galore; Joy in the Morning; Death in the Afternoon.
JOYCE JOHNSON

The Light that Failed; Loving; Caught.
ROY WOODSTOCK

What's Become of Waring; Down and Out in Paris and London; Scouting for Boys.
BOB SCOTT

The Way of All Flesh; Urne Buriall; Virgin Soil Upturned.
La Condition Humaine; L'Education Sentimentale; Les Liaisons Dangereuses.
De Rerum Naturae; Virginibus Pueresque; Confessio Amantis.
LIONEL BURMAN

Fanny Hill; Three Weeks in a Balloon; All Passion Spent.
On the Beach; Jaws; A Farewell to Arms.
BARRY ANTHONY

The Idiot; Everest the Hard Way; Room at the Top.
SUSAN H. LLEWELLYN

Roots; Leaves of Grass; The Greening of America.
Airport; Fear of Flying; The Crack-up.
RICHARD LLEWELLYN

Will Shakespeare; The Dark Lady of the Sonnets; No Bed for Bacon.
HARRISON EVERARD

Under the Greenwood Tree; The Naked Lunch; Hay Fever.
Windsor Castle; Royal Flash; The Happy Prince.
E.O. PARROTT

The Bermuda Triangle; Three Men in a Boat; Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.
R.M. LYNN

The 39 Steps; Free Fall; Howard's End.
Hurry on Down; I Like It Here; Coming Up For Air.
PETER E. SILLIS

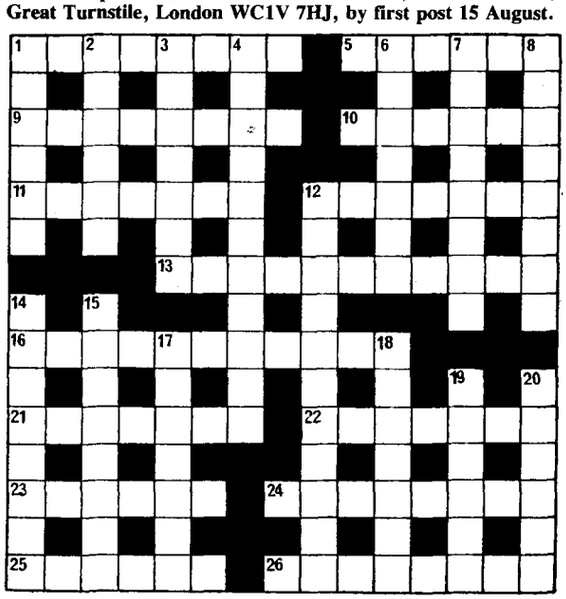
The God Botherers; Fire From Heaven; Quiet As A Nun.
THOMAS HUNTER

Late Call; A Room of One's Own; Flush.
H.G. TAYLOR

Eggs, Beans & Crumpets; Chips With Everything; The Ballad of the Sad Café.
A.S. BELL

Weekend Crossword 1271

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1271, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 15 August.



ACROSS

1. Poverty makes one talk tediously about a dish being broken (8).
5. Pursued the tenacious (6).
9. Releases a relative not quite finished off by snakes (8).
10. Small measure that is left for the servant (6).
11. Sam would make the resident lose his head (7).
12. After being hot in company cold refreshments are what are preferred (7).
13. Attending without NCOs being involved in the panels (11).
16. Complicated affair in which five violent men take part (11).
21. The sense of parking by ancient city harbour (7).
22. What an athlete does when mountaineers lose their leader (7).
23. Pulled in line when fish entered danger area? (6).
24. See great changes in course (8).
25. *Comme il faut* in what to wear for confinement (6).
26. Journalist sees dirt being broadcast (8).

DOWN

1. 'My desires, like fell and cruel ——' *(Twelfth Night)* (6).
2. Responsibility for noise (6).
3. Bird has depression after rules are put up (7).
4. Perhaps meet in print what is not to the point (11).
6. River starts with gold but has nothing after the coin is changed (7).
7. Money which keeps ancient company in drink (4, 4).
8. Kind of riding in which one has to get into gear on time (8).
12. Wrongly called state fortified (11).
14. Smirked with strange desire about a member (8).
15. The superintendent would be finished if it weren't for the language (8).
17. Fierce female remains single in an English town (7).
18. Bad weather in vale and street (7).
19. Establishment in which people grow old (6).
20. Weigh animals before steeplechase starts (6).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1270

S	T	R	U	M	P	E	T		C	H	A	S	T	E
C		E		A		P				A		T		L
R	O	M	A	N	T	I	C		G	R	E	E	N	S
I		A		N		D		M		D		W		I
M	A	R	G	A	R	I	N	E		A	G	A	I	N
P		K				A		T		N		R		O
		M	A	N	S	L	A	U	G	H	T	E	R	
W		F		L		C		P		E		S		E
H	A	L	F	B	R	O	T	H	E	R	S			
I		A		E		P		O				D		D
P	A	T	E	R		E	N	R	A	P	T	U	R	E
L		I		T		S		I		A		T		N
A	F	R	A	I	D		S	C	O	R	P	I	O	N
S		O		N				A		E		E		I
H	U	N	T	E	R		F	L	O	R	I	S	T	S

Prizewinners to No 1270

Miss K.C. Lyford (Sutton)
G.S. Fletcher (Weston/Mare)
Dr Ian Mackillop (Sheffield)

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APPOINTMENTS

COHSE

Britain's Health Service Union

CONFEDERATION OF HEALTH SERVICE EMPLOYEES

Education and Training Assistant

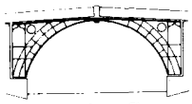
£4,776 - £5,232 plus £354 London Weighting
(subject to review August 1978)

This is a new appointment at the Union's Head Office in Banstead, Surrey. The successful applicant will report to a National Officer and will assist in planning and organising the education and training programmes for COHSE full-time Officers, Branch Officers and Stewards as well as carrying out associated duties. Following initial planning and organisation there should be substantial opportunities for teaching.

The person appointed will have relevant qualifications; have an interest in the trade union and Labour Movement and, ideally, will have some practical experience in this field.

Initially the annual leave entitlement is 18 working days plus 10 public and extra-statutory holidays. A contributory pension scheme is in operation.

Applications with typed curriculum vitae should be sent to the **General Secretary, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey, SM7 2LH,** not later than 18 August, 1978.



Ironbridge Gorge Museum Trust

IRONBRIDGE GORGE MUSEUM TRUST

The Ironbridge Gorge Museum has been allocated the important collection of Industrial Revolution pictures, prints, drawings and books of the late Sir Arthur Elton which complements the museum's existing holdings in these fields. Buildings already available to the Trust are to be converted within the next twelve months to provide gallery space and a substantially expanded research library. In order to plan this work and to ensure the proper management, documentation and development of these collections the museum wishes to establish a small team of appropriately qualified and experienced staff and invites applications for the following posts:

Curator of the Elton Collection

Salary: £4,759 to £5,512 inclusive of all supplements

Candidates should have a degree and museum or gallery experience, preferably the Diploma of Museums Association, and an extensive knowledge of prints and drawings with particular reference to industrial material, or research experience in industrial or economic history. Organisational ability is essential and a record of published work desirable. Quote ref. 3/78.

Librarian

Salary: £3,862 to £4,615 inclusive of all supplements

Candidates should be chartered librarians with a knowledge of the history of industry and technology. The Librarian will be required to administer a research library and be responsible for the collection of books, trade journals and catalogues, photographs, maps and printed ephemera currently totalling over 30,000 items. An industrial archaeological documentation centre is envisaged in the future and the Librarian will be involved in its planning and operation. Quote ref. 4/78.

Documentation Assistant

Salary: £3,396 to £3,774 inclusive of all supplements

Candidates should have museum or library cataloguing or documentation experience and a knowledge of information retrieval systems. The person appointed will be responsible, in co-operation with the Museum Documentation Association, for developing and implementing a comprehensive accessions cataloguing system. Quote ref. 5/78.

All posts are superannuable within the Salop County Council scheme, housing is available and assistance will be given with removal expenses. Starting salary dependent upon qualifications and experience.

Further particulars and application forms can be obtained by writing (please quote reference) to the **Director, Ironbridge Gorge Museum Trust, Ironbridge, Telford, Salop TF8 7AW** or telephoning Ironbridge (095-245) 3522. Applications should be submitted to the Director by **25 August 1978.**

GRANADA TELEVISION LIMITED

PROGRAMME STAFF VACANCIES

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1. PRODUCER: WORLD IN ACTION

to join our weekly current affairs programme WORLD IN ACTION in the Autumn. Applicants must have a proven ability in television journalism at the highest level.

2. RESEARCHERS: WORLD IN ACTION AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

to work on WORLD IN ACTION and other network current affairs and documentary programmes. Applicants should have a proven track record in television or print journalism with an interest in and knowledge of current affairs, politics, economics and/or experience in investigative journalism.

In addition we are planning a new area of programmes which will require applicants who have an understanding of European politics and a specific vacancy exists which requires an American insight into policy and practice of the EEC.

3. RESEARCHERS: REGIONAL PROGRAMMES

to work in the first instance on the full range of our regional programme ouptut. Previous experience in television, radio, films, or journalism would be an advantage, as would a knowledge of politics, the arts, sports, economics — with particular reference to the North West.

4. NEWS EDITOR AND ASSISTANT NEWS EDITOR: REGIONAL PROGRAMMES

We are looking for journalists with broadcasting experience or broadcasters with substantial journalistic experience and, preferably, a sound knowledge of the North West who will organise the news desk input to Granada Reports.

The News Editor and Assistant News Editor will work to the Producer and the Editor of the nightly news magazine programme and will be expected to initiate news input for additional features within the programme, as well as being responsible for the bulletin itself.

Grades and/or salaries are negotiable according to experience and initial appointment will normally be on a 6 month contract. Our Studio centre is in Manchester but some World in Action and Current Affairs staff are based in London, and some regional programme staff in Liverpool.

Written applications including a full curriculum vitae to:

Robert Connell,
GRANADA TELEVISION LIMITED,
Quay Street, Manchester M60 9EA.

Closing date: Thursday, 17 August 1978.

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Application forms are obtainable from: **NUBE, Sheffield House, Portsmouth Rd., Esher, Surrey.** Completed forms must reach NUBE not later than **17 August 1978.**

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For further details write to: **Deputy General Secretary (Admin) 20/21 Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN.**

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And please give us the money to fight for her. This is an atrocity at least as bad as anything taking place in Russia.

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 96 No. 2472

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Info 836 5332. Strindberg's 'The Dance of Death' in repertoire with Steve Gooch's 'The Woman-Pirates Ann Bonney and Mary Read'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Peter Flannery's 'Savage Amusement' and Pete Atkin's 'A & R'.

CHICHESTER 0243 81312. 4, 5, 7, 9 & 10 Aug at 7.00. 12 Aug at 2.00 'The Aspern Papers'. 5 & 10 Aug at 2.00, 8, 11 & 12 Aug at 7.00 'Look after Lulu'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Beyond a Joke', a new review with Rowan Atkinson, Elspeth Walker & Peter Wilson. Mon.-Fri. 8, Sats. 5 & 8. 'An ideal summer diversion' Guardian. 'Hilarious' D. Telegraph.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'The Woman', 'Bedroom Farce', 'Plunder'. Promenade season 8 Aug-2 Sept 'The Passion'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. World premiere of 'Eclipse' by Leigh Jackson. Eves 8 p.m. Sats 5 p.m. and 8.30 p.m.

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